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SCRIPTURE MANUALS

FOR

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A Forward Movement in Social Work.

WHAT is Social Reform? Catholicism in action, practical Christianity, the search for the Kingdom of God and His justice, the fulfilment of the second commandment of the law (which is "like unto the first," having exactly the same motive and the same sanction) the kindling of the fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth, the performance of the works of mercy, the overcoming of the world by faith. Therefore—may we not go on?—every Catholic in earnest about religion is a prominent advocate of social regeneration, feels keenly the iniquity of social conditions which prevent so many fellow-creatures from leading lives worthy of their origin and destiny, is alive to every opportunity of taking part in the moral and material uplifting of the wrecks of humanity. Alas! three and a half centuries of Protestant individualism have blunted our sense of human brotherhood, and two and a half centuries of Protestant persecution have numbed our powers of civic action. A century of respite from the latter while still in the atmosphere of the former, has not been long enough for us to recover the full spirit and implications of our faith. There are still amongst us those who, in spite of St. John,¹ think—or act as though they thought—that they can save their souls by keeping the first and greatest commandment only, who acknowledge no responsibility for the conditions of the society in which they live, who do not do what they can to promote the general well-being of the State which protects them. Happily their number, although still very great, is lessening. The latter years of the nineteenth and the first years of this century have witnessed a gradual but steady return of Catholics in *organized bodies* to public life. The federation movement is still young, but has already done much to combine and consolidate Catholic action. That we still keep our schools is largely due to the influence which this organization has brought to bear upon politicians: that the

¹ i. John iv. 20, 21.

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working classes through their Unions are not committed to Godless education is entirely due to the gallant and persistent efforts of Catholic Trade Unionists: that temperance-reform is progressing amongst us on sound lines, having regard alike to human liberty and human weakness, is due to the associations set on foot by Cardinal Manning and others: that the rights of our Catholic poor in prison and workhouse are not trampled upon as they used to be is due to the public-spirited action of the Catholic members of different civic boards—and so on, for the record might be largely extended. The *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*,¹ recently published in a third edition, is the best illustration of the way in which the true spirit of Christianity is energizing in our midst: the *Catholic Social Year Book for 1912*² is equally good evidence that this spirit is being consciously and scientifically fostered and directed. With all this, we constantly hear complaints that Catholics are left without specific guidance in regard to the moral aspect of various modern problems: the main lines alone are indicated, clearly and emphatically enough, by Papal Encyclical and Episcopal Pastoral, but the complex and intricate problems arising from modern industrial conditions seem to call for closer and more detailed direction. However, since the foundation of the "Catholic Social Guild" some three or four years ago with its study-clubs, social science libraries, and growing output of literature,³ this complaint can only be justified in those unacquainted with its activities, and—we venture to assert—since March 20, 1912, such ignorance is itself unjustifiable in those who profess to be zealous Catholics. For on that day in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop there was formulated and expounded by the Bishop of Northampton a definite Catholic Social Programme relating to the most crying of modern social needs.⁴ His Lordship selected six out of many, and it must be the work of Catholics all over the country to use whatever influence they possess to follow his lead in putting the Catholic aspect of these problems before their fellow-citizens. He spoke of the Living Wage, the Housing Problem, Trade Unions, Poor Law Reform, and Parental Respon-

¹ C.T.S. 1s. net. ² C.T.S. 6d. net. Both vols. bound in one, 2s. net.

³ The author might also have mentioned "The C.S.G. Question Box," a column of answers to various queries on social subjects edited by himself, which by the courtesy of the Editor appears every week in the *Catholic Times*. [ED.]

⁴ In the Sodality Hall, Mount Street, London. See full report in *Catholic Times*, March 22nd.

sibility in relation both to School Clinics and Trade Schools. It is not our purpose to repeat the Bishop's exposition of the Christian ethics of these questions: we wish rather to dwell on the importance of the occasion itself, as marking not so much a step in advance as an elevation of the whole question of Catholic social activity to a higher plane. The authoritative enunciation of such a programme marks, we may hope, an epoch in the history of the Church in England, and almost tempts one to associate the year 1912 with the years 1829 and 1850. In some sense, these three dates even now seem linked together by a chain of natural development, forged by freedom. After three and a half centuries of persecution and proscription, the abolition of Catholic disabilities by the Emancipation Act commenced a new era in the life of the Church: the establishment of the Province of Westminster under a restored hierarchy secured the expansion of that life under conditions, more or less normal, of healthful living: we believe that the promulgation of a Catholic Social Programme will go far, if not the whole way, to reinstate the Church in the national life of the country.

Chief among the sources of our confidence is the fact, already indicated, that the programme upon which the C.S.G. has embarked is but the natural outcome of a widespread and rapidly-increasing interest amongst Catholics in the social movement. The programme has not been foisted upon an unprepared, an indifferent, or a startled community. Circumstances have provided an actual basis in fact for such a scheme of social reform, and a basis in fact is something on which to build. We can trace the growth of these circumstances. When the Archbishop of Glasgow addressed a mass-meeting of Catholic men at the Albert Hall on Saturday, September 12, 1908, the memorable Saturday of the nineteenth Eucharistic Congress, few among his audience realized the seriousness as well as the accuracy of his diagnosis of modern social conditions.

Power is passing day by day more into the hands of the working classes [said his Grace]. It looks as if it were coming, as if the working-men will rule the world. . . . I say these things to show you how necessary it is that those into whose hands power is passing to-day should be just and generous. If they are not, if they are full of the same spirit with which so many Governments have been full, then nothing but horror can lie before the world, because they have bitter things to remember and because it is difficult to get rid of a multitude.

Though the vast assemblage was deeply moved by the stirring eloquence of the speech, no steps were taken at the time to give it practical effect. In the short term of three years, however, events have borne emphatic attestation to the insight of the Archbishop. A future, indefinable to others, was to him an actual present. The patent facts of the past twelve months have sufficed to penetrate the dullest mind, and all England is alive to the existence of a social crisis, the effects of which, if not rightly diagnosed and promptly prevented, may fall little short of the catastrophe of a civil war. "Home and Foreign Affairs" are merged in the constant turmoil of the industrial conflict. Compare Germany, Morocco, Persia, with the coal area of Britain, or compare the reconstruction of the House of Lords with proposals for the settlement of strikes and lock-outs. The prevailing thought in England to-day is concentrated upon the discovery of some panacea whereby to make a safe end of the evils which have emanated from an utterly false, but carefully fostered, economic system. When politicians of the first rank have had to be awoken by hard facts to what is the necessary outcome of unjust social conditions, and are only beginning to perceive that the British worker is at length translating the false theories so long taught him into unpleasant realities, it is not to be wondered at, that, at the time of the Eucharistic Congress, Catholics as a body were indifferent to the great social questions, which had not yet presented themselves in the shape of the concrete object-lessons of the years intervening from that date. The Catholic Social Movement in England was then in the earliest stages of its embryonic development. The brief interval of three and a half years has, however, sufficed to show that many Catholics recognize, now-a-days, that the social problem presents in its fundamental principles as distinctive a Catholic aspect as the question of marriage or of education, and may no less vitally affect their religious interests. They acknowledge now that the Church does not wish them to stand as onlookers, but to enter the arena as active participants in the contest. They have cultivated a social sense. They have come to realize that the social Encyclicals of Leo XIII. may relate as really to the industrial system of this country as to any other. At first the Catholic Social Guild could attempt no more than to stimulate this social consciousness by the publication—limited but enlightening—of its literature. A policy was bound to be formulated sooner or later, but how soon or how late depended entirely

upon the time which the Guild required to win the confidence and support of Catholics. Not that the Guild has been left alone in its task. Potent auxiliaries such as the yearly National Catholic Congress and the Catholic Press in a direct way, and indirectly the social upheaval in the country have come to its aid and have hastened the day. From a vague curiosity as to whither the Catholic social movement tended, there has arisen amongst Catholics a definite demand to extend the knowledge of Catholic principles of sociology to a wider sphere, first among all classes of their co-religionists, and gradually, if possible, to the great non-Catholic public, blown about by every wind of doctrine alike in social teaching as in religious creed.

If evidence of this demand be required, nothing more convincing is necessary than Bishop Keating's address. Not a word of apology for introducing a novel notion is to be discovered in it from first to last. The truth is that the notion is not novel. The formation of a Catholic Social Programme follows the sequence of events so naturally, that the speaker spares himself the indulgence even of an appeal to Catholics. His statement, when placed side by side with similar statements, is singularly lacking in sentiment: it holds by the cogency of argument, which is founded on the full consciousness that the promulgation of a Catholic programme of social reform forms the branch of a trunk already strongly rooted in luxuriant soil. Since the Eucharistic Congress, we repeat, Catholics have become firmly convinced of their responsibility in the social crisis. The day of persuasion was speedily outlived. The need of the present hour is positive direction.

If while living its hidden life, the Catholic Social Guild was able to secure the support of Catholics sufficient to warrant the formulation of a social programme, now that a precise policy has been declared, the Guild may anticipate a speedy and large enrichment of its membership. This is Bishop Keating's judgment, and on a logical basis it seems beyond contradiction.

The enthusiasm with which it [the Guild] has been taken up, the multiplication of study circles, the eager demand for literature, lecturers, and other sources of information, prove that the Catholic Social Guild is an indispensable link in our organization and that the ranks of social workers will rapidly fill, if we offer them the weapons and drill required to make them effective soldiers.

Thus two important points stand out strikingly before us ; first, the gradual growth of Catholic social thought has found a necessary and inevitable issue in a scheme of Catholic social reform ; secondly, the machinery for carrying the scheme into effect, if not at present adequate in every respect, will be readily forthcoming. Keeping these two points in view, we may now proceed to consider the influence which a Catholic Programme of Social Reform is likely to bear on the Church and on Society.

We have stated, that with the address of the Bishop of Northampton begins the writing of a new page in the history of the Church in England, that even prior to the acceptance of Catholic teaching on social needs by those without the Church, the plan unfolded by the address must assuredly tend to unite the minds of the faithful in a harmony of ideal, unknown since the disruption of her ranks by the Reformation. A Catholic Social Programme will bind the Catholics of England to each other by reason of the double tie of justice and charity, which holds the scheme itself together. Up to this present the common obedience to one faith, and a true but, speaking generally, a somewhat distant sympathy have united the Catholic rich and the Catholic poor. Despite the numerous homes for orphans, sick, incurables, and fallen, despite, in truth, all the institutions which, with the ingenuity of Christian charity, have brought succour to the most unfortunate victims of modern industrialism among their own brethren—a truly noble testimony of sacrifice worthy of the high traditions of the Church, and unquestionably sufficient to remove the reproach of inertness—the Catholic body is yet divided by barriers of class distinction and of party politics. Distinction of class and difference of political opinion there needs must be, and it were utterly foolish to imagine otherwise. Nevertheless, neither of these causes can justify the want of harmony in social endeavour, which they have so long caused. Bishop Keating was careful to explain that

the purpose of the Guild was not to advocate one point of view or to espouse the exclusive interests of one class ; not to turn Catholic Tories into Catholic Liberals, or to undermine the allegiance of a Catholic trade-unionist, but to train its members to test every point of view and the interests of every class by discussion with those united to us by the bond of common faith.

If a Catholic Programme of Social Reform means anything, its first idea, as its principal effect, means the erection

of a platform broad and strong enough to support every member of the Church, irrespective of political persuasion or social standing. We cannot expect that so estimable a good will come about with the ease with which it is stated. The Catholic Social Guild will only win its way through stress; the faster it follows its course, the more likely it is—up to a certain point—to meet with resistance, but let it be actuated in the future by as sincere a spirit as throughout its brief past, seeking its guidance from supreme authority, amenable at all times to the direction of ecclesiastical rulers,—then, apathy, criticism, prejudice, opposition, misconception, or misrepresentation will turn to increased strength and redoubled energy. “It is idle to speak of Catholic social action unless we recognize that is *sui generis*,” remarked Bishop Keating, and it is the Catholicism underlying a Catholic Social Programme, which will recommend it to the acceptance of Catholics of all classes and of every political party. We will illustrate the point.

The leakage of boys and girls from the Fold, which is so commonly noted and deplored, [we quote from the address], is traceable, not to any inherent vice in the poor children themselves, but to the merciless fate, by which they are thrown upon a sea of temptation at an age when more fortunate children are sheltered within the walls of the nursery.

Freely admitting and gladly testifying to the admirable labours and excellent results of such organizations as our Rescue Societies and the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, we are still compelled to acknowledge that the problem of leakage remains unattacked in its origin. The reasons of leakage are various, but among its most fruitful sources are the circumstances in which the children of the slums are reared. Now the Church teaches that for the family a reasonable wage and decent housing have a moral as well as an economic significance. The absence of these two requisites for good living must arise from injustice somewhere, which has to be traced out and corrected. Again, the condition of the young of the poorer classes, neglected in their health and untrained to make their living, points necessarily to the establishment of school clinics and trade schools as the practical method of getting to grip with most of the evils which immerse those classes in irreligion and disbelief. Recognition of these and similar facts will surely cause Catholics of all classes, Liberal

and Tory, rich and poor, to stand side by side in proclaiming the rights and redressing the wrongs of the helpless, defenceless and oppressed. The Catholicism of a Catholic Programme of Social Reform is charged with the magnetism of unity.

The benefit accruing to religion from a Catholic Social Programme may be exemplified from another standpoint, its antagonism to the spirit of secularism.

In the measure [said the Bishop of Northampton in a telling passage] in which the Money-God becomes the object of national worship, Money-worth the measure of national esteem, Money-value the goal of national policy, and Money-making the chief object of national education, in such measure the nation is doomed. The more it succeeds, the more it will be found to fail. Material prosperity is purchased at the ruinous cost of moral and social bankruptcy. . . . England has long been the proud Apostle of Mammon. 'She is faced with the prospect of an ignoble martyrdom.

To dream that such rampant secularism as these words depict is devoid of peril to Catholics is a more fantastic fancy than anything Alice conceived in her Wonderland. If the Catholic, who possesses his fair share of this world's goods is not outside the danger zone from a spirit, all-pervading like the atmosphere he breathes, the spiritual risk of the vast proportion of our Catholic people, numbered among the "have-nots," and sharing in common with others of their lot the natural desire "to have" is as manifest as the sun at noon. Whether Mr. Hilaire Belloc is correct in his contention that, as things are, capitalism holds industrialism in bonds, that the industrial uprising amounts to nothing other than the writhing of a shackled slave, only to find his fetters fit more tightly the more he writhes, and that every effort on the part of the dependent worker to attempt escape only brings more close the establishment of "the servile state," in which he will lose all his freedom, or whether Professor Henry Jones speaks the truer word, wherein he maintains, "the common people are not becoming servile, nor is their pride and independence decaying. On the contrary, they are asserting their independence in new quarters and with a new emphasis, and are engaged in claiming as rights what they once gratefully received as doles"—in which of these conflicting opinions the greater measure of fact resides, does not at this moment concern us: the truth

is that the hewers and the carriers, whether slaves or free-men, are up and out for the removal of prolonged injustice, and Catholic workers naturally side with their non-Catholic fellows. No one can challenge the claim of the Catholic working-men to take their place in the labour movement. But in the movement of labour what is the actuating principle? Is it religion and right morals tending to ultimate peace and contentment, or does the spirit of secularism, the Money-God, agnostic or frankly atheistic, predominate? If sympathy with their hardships reaches them from secular sources alone, if the Church offers them no practical scheme for the amelioration of their ills, the Catholic workers, for the reason they are poor and human, will necessarily waver in their allegiance between the friend who espouses their cause, and the Mother, who seems to desert them, leaving them to an uncertain chance, or rather to a much more certain fate. Should the Catholic workers become allied to their sympathizing fellow-workers, the Socialists, they may get rid of some of their grievances, but, amendment or no amendment, the alliance *will be at the immediate cost* of their Catholic practice, and it is to be feared in many instances, of their Catholic faith. And in that case money and what money can bring must be their highest ideals—a sad degradation for God's adopted children and heirs of His Kingdom. On the other hand, let them be persuaded that the Church has a genuine social programme, that she holds out truer hopes, truer because more soundly based, in the empire of Cæsar than Cæsar himself, in so far as he is not inspired by her, and they will not only be her loyal sons, but her staunch defenders. Testimony on this score is at hand, and the instance mentioned above is so replete with significance as to dispense with reams of further argumentation. A comparatively small, but determined body of Catholic trade-unionists amalgamated in a National Conference "by dint of six years' hard work, have recently scored a substantial victory at the Labour Party Conference at Birmingham, by securing the excision from the agenda-paper of a resolution demanding secularism in education." Commenting on this incident the Bishop of Northampton draws a deliberate conclusion, which, we believe, it is impossible to gainsay:

The development of this movement on its present lines appears to be of vital importance, seeing how large a proportion of Catholics belong to the working class. They can gain the

ear of their fellow-workers, as no others, clergy or laity, can do. If the Catholic trade-unionist keeps the courage of his convictions and his zeal for religion he will prove himself one of our most valuable assets in negotiating the steep hill which lies before us.

Thus it is the Catholicism of a Catholic Programme of Social Reform which will preserve intact the spirit of faith—of personal responsibility and of human brotherhood—against the spirit of secularism, manifested in the two opposite extremes of individualism and socialism, throughout the country. By its means the Catholic *Dives et Pauper* will join together in a bond of unity reminiscent of the days when men of all classes formed one family under the Fatherhood of God.

The inherent strength of our contention is strikingly corroborated by the history of the Church on the Continent. Aided by such corroboration, those, who are watchful for signs witnessing to the protection of a Divine Providence, cannot fail to detect in the recent circumstances which have made possible the formation of a Catholic Social Programme, another illustration of God's beneficent care for the Church in England. Wherever the Church has succeeded in applying her remedial influence to social evils, she has not only safeguarded the spiritual and material interests of her own household, but at the same time has commended herself to the world as the most powerful agent for human betterment. The recent story of Catholicism in Switzerland affords a remarkable example of this. Since M. Decurtins began to uphold a Catholic Social Programme and to apply it to the needs of his Fatherland, the bitter bigotry, inherited from Calvin and Zwinglius, has largely disappeared. The tolerance now happily existing—a measure of freedom for the Catholic faith unexampled since the Reformation—is due to Catholic social reform. That the Church in England will gain similarly and for the same reason we are assured by the Bishop of Northampton. "It becomes daily more and more evident that the power of the Church as a religious force will depend on our activity as a social force" is perhaps the most pregnant thought in an address full of pregnant meaning.

Our second claim for a Catholic Programme of Social Reform is that by its agency the Catholic community will be re-established as an integral part of the nation. Individually Catholics have long enjoyed access to positions of trust and honour. As a Church the lingering traditions of centuries

of proscription have kept them in the background, and they have little share of public recognition. A Catholic Social Programme presents the credentials necessary to obtain for the Church not only a fuller entrance into national life, but a whole-hearted welcome from thousands of non-Catholics, whether employers or employed, throughout England. Above the din of social strife resounds a ceaseless cry for justice. Yet in the idea of extremists, individualistic capitalists on the one side and socialistic operatives on the other, the notion of justice bears as variable an interpretation as the opportunity of the moment suggests. There is a "higgling of the market" to-day as relentless as ever during the last hundred and fifty years: in fact, moral rectitude is growing so scarce in commercial negotiation that business has never sunk to a lower level of unscrupulousness since the factory laws abolished child slavery. The rightful use of strike and lock-out is confounded with their abuse. The misuse of wealth prompts indigence to call for its abolition. Class is arming against class for a final struggle. Granted that the Church has paid a sufficient attention to their essential wants, it were total blindness on the part of Catholics not to recognize the opportunity which national affairs offer to them, to take their full share of responsibility as citizens. Of all the nation's citizens, who have at such a juncture a more obvious duty to fulfil than they, whose consciences are enlightened and guided by the divinely constituted authority on morals? The middle line of true justice is the only straight line which can be drawn in any plan for social betterment. The *via media* between a false individualism and an equally false collectivism is the path peculiar to orthodox Christianity. It is due precisely to her salutary knowledge of this truth that, in addition to the prosecution of her divine and proper end, the Church has been able to maintain an ideal of civilization beyond the conception of any non-Christian or semi-Christian State, and to exercise so transforming an influence that civilizations with and without her spirit are as gold to dross. Justice the nation demands and it is on the strength of the justice which is expressed in a Catholic Programme of Social Reform, that Catholics as a community will find place and favour with the nation.

Our aim as Catholic citizens [said Bishop Keating] is to arrest, as far as we can, the progress of an evil, caused by the persistent contempt of our principles and warnings, by proclaiming afresh the eternal truth that "Justice exalteth a nation and sin maketh nations miserable."

Access to national life, forbidden or hampered through three and a half centuries, is again possible to Catholics, and it is beyond us to think that, with their sense of full-grown manhood, sprung from nearly a century of emancipation, they will refuse to avail themselves of the opportunity and to be party to an attempt at settlement of a national problem of import more vital to themselves than perhaps to any other section of the nation. The plan of the Catholic Social Guild, so succinctly yet so adequately and plainly explained by the Bishop of Northampton, bears its own commendation even to those who avowedly would make short shrift of all else Catholic.

This does not imply [his Lordship commented] that we are willing to saddle ourselves, still less our Church, with responsibilities, which clearly belong to the secular power. It is not our business to find or even suggest the solution of a critical situation. We recognize clearly that economic and industrial problems can only be solved by those who possess expert knowledge, and that the remedies can only be applied by those who possess political power. We make no protest against giving the primary place in such disputes to economic principles. But we do protest against the explicit or implicit assumption that no other considerations whatsoever are admissible. For experience proves that human passion will obtrude itself, and the more discussion is limited to the bare money aspect the baser and fiercer is the party spirit enkindled.

In such prudent spirit does the Guild seek to attain its purpose. It aspires to cultivate the public conscience, "to change the mentality" as Mr. Belloc phrases it, of a people, to whom "the Money-God has become the object of national worship." There is no attempt, be it repeated, to bring into being a Catholic Party such as the large numbers of Catholics in Germany have made feasible. The future progress of the Catholic Social Guild will depend on the alertness of Catholics to seize the opportunities presented on all sides in the press and on the platform, and proclaim the *ethical* considerations which are the foundation of human society and all human relationships. The policy of the Catholic Social Guild is the policy of the commercial expert.

There are few doors which are closed against us, and Catholic action means promptitude in availing ourselves of every open door and fearlessness in delivering our commission. We rejoice, therefore, to see Catholics in all departments of public life—in

politics, in municipal government, in trade unions, in friendly societies, in all manner of unofficial benevolent enterprises, as well as in journalism and literature, which offer unique opportunities for guiding and forming public opinion.

By these unobtrusive methods enumerated by Bishop Keating,—by eschewing all pretence to political organization and consequently unhampered by any prejudice arising from so vain an effort, resting solely on the inherent justice of its cause, advocating the rights of all irrespective of class or clan, and relying on the "single-hearted zeal," with which Catholics, both as sons and daughters of the Church and as citizens of the State, will adopt its methods, the Catholic Social Guild by its programme of social reform may rightfully hope to witness the fuller entry of Catholics as a community into the life of the nation.

Accordingly Wednesday March 20, 1912, will, we believe, be a date sacred to memory. The value of the seed sown that day must of course be chiefly judged by the root it strikes and the harvest it yields. And that again, depends on the soil it meets. Yet significant is it that a Bishop of the Church undertook to do the sowing and that the Cardinal Archbishop praised and blessed his work.

The Catholic Church [we quote the Press report of his Eminence's speech] could meet those problems as she had met in the past every problem with which she had been confronted. He thought they might reasonably hope that in the Catholic Social Guild they would find that mean course and that safe way, with prudence and moderation, which was so much needed at the present time. . . . On that account he did not hesitate to commend most earnestly the work of the Catholic Social Guild to all Catholics. . . . If only they could furnish throughout the country in every political party, to which Catholics might legitimately belong, Catholics who were well instructed on those points and could put forward their views with arguments solid and suitable to support them, the teaching of the Church on the social question would spread and the Catholic Social Guild would have rendered the greatest possible service not only to the Catholic Church, but to the whole community in England without exception.

Under the shelter of these weighty words, we venture to leave our comments upon a Catholic Programme of Social Reform.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

A French Study of the Culturkampf.

I. HOW BISMARCK CONDUCTED THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CAMPAIGN.

IN the course of his remarkable studies on the religious question in Germany, M. Georges Goyau has recently published two volumes on *Bismarck and the Church*,¹ which deserve attention, for their perusal will not only interest Catholics as dealing with an exciting episode in Church history, but will also serve to encourage them and to provide useful matter for thought. M. Goyau, author of some score volumes, translated for the most part into different tongues and crowned by the Academy, needs no introduction to Catholics. All educated people know him, at least by name, and may have read one or other of his books, of which large portions have appeared in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. More detailed praise would only affront the genuine modesty of Brunetière's old pupil, whose pen is always at the service of Truth and Justice, for we must never forget that M. Goyau is, above all and in every sense of the phrase, a convinced Catholic, a devoted son of the Church. Formerly, on his quitting the *École Normale Supérieure*, he was sent by the French Government to the *École de Rome*, where he became the docile and energetic disciple of Leo XIII., through whose inspiration was aroused in the young *savant* a zealous attachment to the larger religious interests. At the present day his talents, his wide and detailed learning and the uprightness of his private life make him a credit to Catholicism and one of her most efficient forces, so that one feels it one's duty to share in the spreading of his influence. Our adversaries are never backward in praising, often with slight justification, those of their number who seem above the average; why should we, through excess of modesty, be silent about those of our friends whose lofty intellectual

¹ *Bismarck et l'Eglise, Le Culturkampf (1870—1878)*, par Georges Goyau: Paris: Perrin et Cie.

attainments, scientific or literary, are beyond dispute? To take one example, the public do not know, because we have not told them emphatically enough, that the inventor of wireless telegraphy is a Professor of the Paris *Institut Catholique* —a fact which, though not immediately connected with faith, shows at least that science is not, as certain sciolists suppose, incompatible with Christian belief.

To return to M. Goyau's volumes on the *Culturkampf*, the 900 pages of which contain a detailed and attractive account of one of the most glorious epochs of German Church History. They are the fruits of frequent and prolonged sojourns across the Rhine, of much sifting of contemporary reviews and newspapers, of wide reading of books treating, directly or indirectly, with the question. Their author has questioned witnesses still surviving, and even in a sense those already dead, for he has been allowed to peruse memoirs and other writings still unedited and preserved in many private and diocesan archives. Thus this historical study follows the true method; it is based on an intimate knowledge of the facts, guaranteed by multiplied notes and references throughout the whole work. On the other hand, without concealing his own convictions, the author has aimed with success at remaining completely impartial, recalling the dictum of his illustrious master, Leo XIII., "The Church desires nothing but the truth."

Space will not allow us to set forth the details of the attack upon the Church, delivered under Bismarck's leadership by the German Government, assisted to some extent by the "National Liberals," and the chiefs of the new sect of "Old Catholics" which arose after the Vatican Council. We can only touch upon some of the chief incidents. Thoroughly to understand the *Culturkampf*, in its germs and in its complicated developments, clearly to estimate its leaders, their attitudes, not seldom inconsistent, their ideals, their projects, their hidden motives—for this purpose the volumes of M. Goyau are indispensable. We find there the smallest incidents noted; every action and word that have any significance are faithfully recorded; even secondary agents and others more remote are brought before us with scrupulous exactness. The author has raised once more to life and action all the combatants on either side, but especially vivid are his pictures of the four incomparable Catholic champions—Windthorst, Mallinckrodt, and the two Reichenspergers—as the following passage will show.

A very large head surmounting a tiny body, with two little eyes, weak but searching, and a wide mouth which grew wider at the least touch of merriment,—such was Windthorst. Nature, in designing his exterior, seemed to have aimed at making things easy for budding caricaturists by giving them a very simple model with features readily reproducible, a model which would give them a start. Short and slender, his bearing belied him no less than his stature; one's looks had to penetrate below the crowded ranks of human shoulders to see, halfway down and hanging, as he walked, on the arm of an obliging colleague, the deputy Windthorst. Minister of the Kingdom of Hanover whilst it still existed, he had faithfully served his King, and still paid him the homage of fond, regretful memories. Uncompromising individualist, he sat irreconcilably from 1867 to 1871 in the parliaments of Prussia and Germany; and then he began to act in support of the Centre. . . . Confronting his Church, there gradually arose in his sight from the earth a complete structure of persecuting laws. Windthorst attacked this structure with ferocity, seeking to undermine and demolish it. In the parliamentary history of the day, Windthorst was the model obstructionist. A high official once called him "the father of all the obstacles." His object was rather to unhorse his adversary than to refute him; he was more of a tactician than a dialectician. . . . None knew, as he did, how to watch for, or preferably to provoke, an incident bringing confusion to the enemy; then he rose, becoming nearly as tall as his seated colleagues; a thin jet of voice was heard, slender like his whole person, and this jet, turned against the obstacle, played all around its weak points, glanced for a while at other subjects or at other men, then began the assault again, and kept at it with a sweet, gentle, gradual cruelty: little by little, in the midst of a hail of witticisms which Windthorst heaped one upon the other, everything heaved and cracked around a little but growing breach, and the obstacle crumbled away.

Equally due to the hand of a master is M. Goyau's portrait of Mallinckrodt, but we must hasten on. Over against these Catholics of the Centre was set the Chancellor. Not that Bismarck belonged by conviction to the anti-clerical party.

He was not a Freemason; [M. Goyau writes] when he denied that charge, he spoke the truth. No more can we attribute to him that fanatical hatred against the Roman Church which sometimes inspires certain Lutherans. He was quite sincere when he said in his table-talk that each one should be free to seek his salvation in his own way.

But as soon as Bismarck became convinced that the interests of the State were bound up in one particular solution of a religious question, he became essentially intolerant; he hated everything that showed any independence of the civil power; hence the Church was bound to excite his wrath, for he felt she would not yield to his strenuous rule. In his struggle against the Catholics, his principal colleagues were Falk and Marshal Roon.

The former held the Portfolio of Worship in the Kingdom of Prussia. He was

a lawyer, learned, punctilious, bound by a narrow logic, skilled in books, ignorant of facts. Edmond de Pressensé said of him—"He is as stiff as one of Frederic the Great's sergeants"—a true description which applied to mind as well as body. Falk was indeed the victim of a certain intellectual stiffness which made him insensible to the social reactions caused by his religious policy.

Marshal Roon, President of the Prussian Ministry, was quite another type of character.

He was a Christian; the idea of the Kingdom of Christ, alien to the mind of Bismarck, was familiar to the soul of Roon. The *Reminiscences* of Hedwige de Bismarck, cousin of the Chancellor, cast on the interior life of the Marshal certain gleams all the more attractive as they are unexpected. Overwhelmed with business, Roon could yet spend an hour on three successive Sundays in instructing a valet engaged to be married about the duties of Christian matrimony. He sorrowed bitterly over a movement of impatience to which he had given way after receiving the Sacrament, and the way in which upon his death-bed he invoked the Deity by the blood-shedding of Christ moved all who witnessed his last moments.

How then was it possible that this earnest Christian could take the responsibility of a series of measures which did violence to the conscience of Catholics? The best explanation is that the Prussian Minister was convinced that his Sovereign had been grievously insulted by a speech of Pius IX., and even by the Pope's very attitude.

In military fashion, Marshal Roon gave himself this brief password—Avenge the Emperor: off he went, without knowing anything about the affairs of the Church, on the path traced by Falk; and his lightheartedness even found vent in puns, for

playing on the name of Falk, he wrote to Bismarck on Jan. 16th —“ To-day the grand hawking-party (Falkenjagd) has begun.”

As a matter of fact this famous hawking-party had started somewhat earlier; already at the end of the year 1871, the Bavarian Minister, Lutz, had passed a measure known as the “pulpit paragraph,” according to which a fresh enactment of the penal code was extended to ecclesiastics who treated of politics in the pulpit “in such a way as to endanger public order”—a crime which was punishable by imprisonment for two years. Again during the first two months of 1872, the enemies of the Church had continued their hostile operations by depriving the clergy of the school inspectorships. In logical sequence they then set to work to take them away from members of Religious Orders also and as a matter of course from the Society of Jesus in particular, the most influential and active of those then in Germany. On June 19, 1872, the Reichstag, by 181 votes to 93, passed a law banishing from the territory of the empire the Order of Jesus and all its affiliated congregations; existing religious houses were given six months in which to dissolve themselves: foreign Jesuits were liable to expulsion, those of the country were subjected to police regulations, forbidding them entrance into certain towns or, as the case might be, commanding their residence there. And under the false pretext of affiliation to the Society, many congregations of men and women were included in these measures of proscription.

Having smitten the Religious, anti-Catholic hatred in due course extended itself to the secular clergy, and these latter were the victims of those “May Laws” with which the names of Bismarck, Roon and Falk are unhappily connected. Later on, when he was defeated and compelled to “go to Canossa,” the Chancellor strove to minimize the share he took in this hateful and ill-conceived enterprise, but despite his denials his responsibility remains complete.

The discourse pronounced by Pius IX. in the Consistory of December 23, 1872, wherein the Holy Father protested against the persecuting measures already passed, was made by the German Government the occasion of these fresh anti-Catholic enactments. The official journals spoke of the Pope as the “new Benedetti who had affronted King William as the Corsican had done at Ems,” and, to avenge this insult, the Reichstag was invited in 1873 to vote *en bloc* the “May Laws” which, it was hoped, would reduce to a state of impotence the

Catholics, Bishops, clergy and laity alike. We may now, under the guidance of M. Goyau, consider the principal items of this bellicose legislation.

The substance of the "May Laws" is embodied in these three—that which arranges a programme of studies for intending priests, that which gives to the civil authority a final voice in ecclesiastical nominations and that which appoints a lay tribunal to decide disputes between members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. M. Goyau's work shows us how skilfully the Prussian State contrived to give its tyrannical pretensions a legal form. We may note to start with that the "May Laws" were applicable as much to the Protestants as to the Catholics of Prussia.

A single principle aimed at dominating both Churches, one of which throughout its history constantly asserted its liberty, whilst the other, from the days of Luther himself, acquiesced in being moulded by the civil power. This identification was the result of a legal abstraction against which the whole of past history protested. The State legislated uniformly for two entities without reference to their essential differences. . . . The Prussian Government set out to determine how it desired that the Christian churches should operate within its territory. It proceeded, impartially, within the limits of tolerance and through regard for equality, to make regulations for both these Churches. The couch of Procrustes also made a point of equality in regard to those whom that legendary brigand made to lie thereon,—which is why it became a couch of torture.

In the event the Protestant sects were able to accommodate themselves easily enough to the new laws, which, on the other hand, were in very many points absolutely unacceptable to the Catholic Church. There is no difficulty in proving this. To start with, consider the regulations for the studies of future clerics. To become a priest or pastor, one must first have passed the leaving-examination of some German "gymnasium," and then have made three years' theological studies, either in a German University or in the theological seminary of the diocese, *provided that* the Prussian Government considered the latter as equivalent to a University. The final examination, which was obligatory, included philosophy, history, and German literature. Both the preparatory and the higher seminaries had to submit to the President Superior of the province (a layman and ordinarily a Protestant) their programmes of studies and their disciplinary regulations. The

professors of the preparatory and the theological seminaries had to possess the same qualifications as those of the secondary schools and universities, and the President Superior could object to their appointment when submitted by the Bishop for State approval. Thus the Government claimed to determine finally and without a preliminary understanding with the Church, under what conditions her priests should be educated, by what professors or directors she should be guided on her path, in a word, to meet what exigencies her studies should be framed. And let us not forget that the Prussian State which advanced these strange claims was essentially a Protestant State.

This was not all. When the priest, trained and instructed according to these new legal decrees, should be appointed to a post by his ecclesiastical superiors, the Government did not relax its protection and its paternal watchfulness. In the first place his appointment did not hold good, unless within thirty days the lay-President of the province, duly informed of it, allowed it to pass without opposition. Again a priest, educated in accordance with the law and free from all Government censure on other accounts, could still come under the *veto* of the President Superior of the Province, "if certain facts made it probable that he would not observe the laws of the State and the arrangements of authority or that he would disturb the public peace." Thus, on grounds of mere likelihood determined by itself, the Prussian State would have the extraordinary power of preventing the appointment of a cleric to be rector or curate or to hold any other post than that he actually occupied. At every stage in the sacerdotal career, the State could interfere and defeat the purposes of ecclesiastical superiors. Moreover, since without the special permission of the President Superior no post could remain vacant for more than twelve months, that period alone was left to the Church to discover and appoint a personage pleasing to the State.

Nor were these iniquitous rules without heavy sanction. Bishops or Presidents of consistories, who should appoint parish-priests without the consent of the State, were fined from 200 to 1,000 dollars. A maximum of 100 dollars was exacted from a cleric who should "illegally" perform ecclesiastical functions: a similar fine for officiating in a parish, left vacant "illegally," by the Bishop for more than a year. What power was left in the Bishop's hands of appointing or promoting his clergy may now be easily judged.

Yet the enemies of the Church did not think this enough: they wished, besides, to deprive the Bishops of all disciplinary power over their priests. Religious penalties could no longer be inflicted except in accordance with a process dictated by the Government. The houses of retreat, where the clergy by order of superiors could be sent to do penance were to be under the care of the civil authority. Seclusion in these retreats should be voluntary and never exceed a period of three months. And all this was to be observed under pain of a fine of 1,000 dollars and the closing of the house of retreat. Moreover these ecclesiastical penalties, thus controlled and limited, were subject—a point particularly objectionable—to an appeal to the civil tribunal. The recalcitrant cleric could always reject them as emanating "from a power not recognized by the laws of the State," *i.e.* from the Papacy. And not only the cleric in question but the President Superior himself could formulate the appeal, if he thought public interest demanded it. A special tribunal to sit at Berlin was appointed to judge such cases—the "Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs"—the eleven members of which were to be appointed by the King of Prussia! Thus there would be set up at the head of the State a sovereign jurisdiction over the internal government of the Church, and the Papacy and Catholic episcopate would be deprived of all effective coercive power over the priests of Germany.

And the State did not shrink from interfering even with spiritual sanctions, censure and excommunication. The ecclesiastical superior who should visit with such penalties a layman or priest guilty of having obeyed such civil laws as these or of having used against lawful direction their electoral powers, would be exposed to the maximum penalty of 200 dollars fine or two years' imprisonment.

Foreseeing an organized resistance on the part of certain Bishops and priests to this group of tyrannical enactments, the Prussian State claimed in advance the power of depriving such ecclesiastics of their official character as Churchmen.

According to the law, the President Superior, after having invited the Bishop either to resign his functions or to reinstate the suspended priest, could in case of refusal bring an action before the "Royal Court for Ecclesiastical Affairs," which latter claimed the power of "unfrocking" ecclesiastical dignitaries, whatever their rank. Once degraded in this fashion, these clerics by exercising their office would expose themselves to a fine of 100 dollars which might rise to 1,000

on a repetition of the offence. Thus the Catholic Church, no longer able to appoint vicars or curates without reference to the State, must at the pleasure of the State witness in silence the deprivation of her vicars or curates or even of her Bishops.

Catholic Germany could not brook such arrogant and baseless claims: Bishops, priests and layfolk arose with one accord to resist the tyranny of the State. They were victorious: their victory will form the theme of another article.

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Gracechurch Papers.

VII. IN PARTIBUS.

NEARLY opposite Gracechurch House, at the entrance of the town from the Rentminster Road, and facing the high retaining wall of the churchyard, lived the Misses Gibbs. Of course there were four of them; but Miss Ellen only came on holiday visits to Gracechurch, for she lived in Germany, as governess in some noble family. Miss Gibbs, Miss Patricia and Miss Florence kept a school. And it was from Miss Patricia (in the dining-room window, while one or other of the "young ladies" practised scales), that the present writer learned to read—out of a flat green and gold volume called *Reading Without Tears*. Miss Patricia was probably about thirty then, and was tall, with fine eyes and a good deal of manner: her walk was considered striking, and her nose maintained the impression. She could have been strict if necessary, but then she never allowed it to be necessary: she was too decisive. When she walked to her table in the school-room, it was with the air of saying: "Now, young ladies! we have come here to learn; of course we shall do it." And they did it. She was really an excellent teacher, not at all anxious to trap her pupils into displaying their ignorance, but quietly determined to turn whatever ignorance they had into a reasonable amount of knowledge. The young ladies generally stayed a good while, and there was no need to cram them; but Miss Patricia had no idea of wasting time.

Having always been rather delicate I was backward, and was nearly seven years old before I could read well; but long before I was eight I was reading continually, and have never stopped since.

Miss Patricia's handbooks to knowledge were, I fancy, old-fashioned; they would be considered antediluvian now. Mrs. Markham introduced us to English History, and *Mangan's Questions* to things in general. A bird's-eye view of Europe and the world was afforded by a book called *Near*

and Far, from which I learned that the French were a frivolous nation, fond of revolutions and dress, and addicted to omelettes: that Spain is a country steeped in idolatry and ignorance, entirely devoted to garlic, guitars and image-worship: that England, owing to the Reformation, is foremost in wealth and commerce—a land of Contentment where Law and Liberty walk hand-in-hand.

Miss Patricia also taught me to write, with repeated but ineffectual insistence on the great principles that the top of the pen should ever point to the shoulder, that upstrokes must be thin and downstrokes thick. The copy-books took a rather unfair advantage in the advertisement of other principles—some of which hung partly in suspense during the learner's period of very large type: thus that

Contentment is the bes

which made me suppose Thebes and complete satisfaction to be synonymous, till, on a later page, the lettering grew smaller, and I discovered that *Contentment is the best wealth*.

Perceiving in her pupil a hasty and literal tendency, Miss Patricia forestalled any misapprehension as to the force of the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," by explaining that it had nothing to do with meal-times, "which would be," she observed, "bad manners." Good manners were carefully inculcated; and France, in spite of omelettes and revolutions, being regarded as the land of politeness, the young ladies were supposed to express their wishes at table in the language of that country: thus Tillie Marsh, if she wanted more bread and butter, would say to Jessie Briggs, by whom the plate stood: "Pass the tartines *s'il vous plaît*."

When I could read quite well Miss Gibbs made me a present of a small, well-bound Bible, with my name illuminated inside by Miss Patricia, who was the artist of the family. Having always a passion for reading every book from the very beginning, I demanded next day of Miss Patricia what an Accidental Star meant.

"There's no such thing," she replied, with decision.

"There must have been once," I insisted, slightly scandalized, "there's one at the beginning of the Bible." And I turned up the reference.

"'Occidental,' my dear, 'Occidental,'" said Miss Patricia.
"It's a title of Queen Elizabeth's."

All the same I do not believe she knew what an occidental star is, any more than I did; and, as she was not our Bible teacher, I did not press the point.

Miss Gibbs taught us Scripture, and was currently believed to have read the whole Bible through from "the first of Genesis" (which sounded like a day of the month) to the last of Revelations every year of her life. She knew it almost by heart, and would cheerfully have died for the verbal inspiration of every chapter-heading and the numeration of the verses. She did not, I suppose, believe it to have been written in English: and was, I know, horrified to perceive that Tillie Marsh imagined James I. had compiled it from materials bequeathed to him by Queen Elizabeth. But she hated any reminder of the "original Hebrew" or "original Greek," and attributed the known laxity of foreign nations, not so much to their being Catholic as to their possessing the Scriptures in mere translations from the English version.

It may be supposed from the text-books used by the Misses Gibbs that they were themselves bigoted; but they were not. They merely promulgated the statements in these works as matters concerning which they could know nothing at first-hand, with as little personal feeling as Miss Patricia would tell us the distance from this earth to the sun. Had the astronomy-books declared then, which they did not, that Mars was intersected by canals, and from the canals inferred barges and bargemen, Miss Patricia would have conceived it probable that the bargees were rough and addicted to bad language, but would not have leant heavily on the hypothesis, or condemned the poor fellows, unheard, with any Pharisaical harshness. Three better, more truly charitable ladies never taught school than the three Misses Gibbs. As for Miss Rachel, the eldest, though it would have astounded her to hear it, she was, in fact, cut out for a Contemplative Nun. The gentle Low Church spinster would have almost thought herself already in Heaven could her life have been all spent in uninterrupted contemplation of God, His word and His works, and in prayer for His wayward children.

Miss Patricia and Miss Florence showed their own goodness in no way better than in their respect for what they recognized as the higher goodness of their sister. I think it was because of this feeling of theirs that to Miss Gibbs was allotted the task of reproof. Miss Patricia could have scolded, Miss Florence could have reproached: but if any young lady required admonition—which really was seldom the case—they would say: "My dear, Miss Gibbs will see

you in the drawing-room." And to the drawing-room the culprit would descend.

As she tapped at the door I suspect she would rather have been back in the school-room, subjected to a short and sharp discharge of Miss Patricia's small-arms, or Miss Florry's louder artillery, than stand there waiting to go in and state her own case, for every delinquent was left to tell her own story, and sit still while Miss Gibbs would gently listen, more gently sigh, and most gently of all pause before speaking. When Miss Gibbs spoke at last it was never at much length, and no young lady ever repeated what she said: you may be sure it was all very mild and very affectionate—but the same young lady seldom appeared soon in the drawing-room again.

Miss Gibbs spent most of her indoor hours in the drawing-room (largely furnished with wool work), for she taught nothing in the school but Scripture; and it was there she wrote to the parents, and received them when they came to bring or visit their daughters; and there that she prepared her lessons in Bible-history and teaching. It was much the smartest room in the large, comfortable house, but I think the young ladies regarded it with more respectful awe than ease, and to their minds it always had a shady, coolish air, like a sort of side-chapel or chantry in a church. Miss Gibbs was the chaplain and female confessor of the establishment, and it was her sanctuary.

Miss Florry did not teach much in the school either, but there was no aloofness about her. She ordered meals and did the marketing, sorted the laundry before it went to wash and on its return, saw what stockings wanted mending, and whose pocket-handkerchiefs had been put to illicit uses—as cleaning slates or dusting out desks. If Tillie Marsh had a snuffly cold (as she often had), Miss Florry prepared black-currant tea, or even elderberry wine negus in extreme cases, and administered it to the patient after she had tucked her up in bed. If Jessie Briggs, who was slightly addicted to boyish pursuits, cut her finger, Miss Florry fetched the diaculum plaster and applied it to the wound—not without warnings of accidents beyond her medical aid if pocket-knives were persisted in; for visits to the drawing-room were not "indicated" by such lapses as these. Black draught, Gregory's powder, and senna tea were all within her province, but, to do her justice, Miss Florry had not a heavy hand in their administration. Plenty of play and exercise out of school

hours, fresh air in fine weather, and as noisy romps as they chose in wet, wholesome plain food in generous quantities, and early hours, were what Miss Florry favoured. It was even suspected that the black draught and senna tea had a slightly punitive significance: some young ladies can be as greedy as some young gentlemen, and if a parcel from home coincided with biliousness in Annie Grubb, she concealed the circumstance or knew that Gregory's powder would follow.

Miss Florry was not esteemed so learned as Miss Patricia, and it was observed that the lessons she "took" were easier. If, however, she knew nothing of algebra, she was well enough up in addition and subtraction to make out the pupils' quarterly accounts and to check the weekly bills of the tradesmen.

One day two brothers of the Misses Gibbs swam into my ken—out of a dog-cart, which put up at the *Black Swan*. One was like Miss Patricia, except for a moustache, and evidently aware that he was good-looking. I daresay he was about eight and twenty; and he dressed smartly and walked with Miss Patricia's air. This was Mr. Richard. Mr. John was older, and had less figure, or more, according as you look at it: he was, not to put too fine a point upon it, stoutish, like Miss Florry, and moved rather because he wished to change his locality than to gratify the public. His waist had slipped up and did not seem likely to slip down again, but he did very well without it, and had a comfortable look of doing very nicely altogether. Both brothers had dark hair, but Mr. John's eyes were blue like Florry's, and there was no more to be said about his nose or mouth than about hers, whereas Richard had eyes as black as Miss Patricia's, and the same decisive nose and chin.

I think the visit was an unexpected pleasure: Edith Larkom was practising a remarkably moonlight sonata in the drawing-room, Polly Wilkins was scaling monotonous heights in the dining-room; Miss Gibbs had gone to "Litany," for it was Friday morning; and Miss Florry had gone to expose the inferior quality of a sirloin to the butcher: there was no one but Miss Patricia to receive the gentlemen, and they *were* gentlemen, and incompatible with Edith Larkom in the drawing-room, or even Polly Wilkins in the dining-room.

"Stop a minute, Eliza," Miss Patricia called out over the banisters, "you needn't open the door yet. . . ." Then, when she had reached the dining-room door: "You have

practised half an hour, my dear, and you needn't mind the other quarter. Just run upstairs." And Polly, nothing loth, gathered up her music and scrambled away with alacrity.

When Eliza had received license to open the door she was confronted with *three* gentlemen on the step, the youngest of whom slipped in without awaiting any special invitation, for the present writer had arrived for an arithmetic lesson. The sight of him suggested an idea to Miss Patricia, and she bade him just stay in the hall a minute.

"Well, and how are you both?" she said to her brothers, who were now also inside. She was glad to see them in spite of unexpectedness and difficulties of detail, and, though she did not allow herself to be kissed before Eliza, and with Polly Wilkins peeping over the banisters, her greeting was affectionate.

She took them into the dining-room and led me in with them.

"This is Johnnie," she observed, "my own particular pupil, and these, my dear, are Mr. John and Mr. Richard, our brothers. . . . Why didn't you say you were coming? Rachel and Florry are both out, and I must go back to my class. I'll tell you what. Johnnie shall have a holiday off his arithmetic, and he shall take you both for a walk till twelve, then my classes will be over, and Rachel and Florry will be in too."

So, for a walk we went, and I perceived, with annoyance, that the two gentlemen thought their small companion "old-fashioned." Not to be considered old-fashioned was his constant desire. Apparently they did not, however, regard old-fashionedness as specially offensive, for they made a suggestion that quite took my breath away by its audacious novelty: "I'm sure, John," said Mr. Richard, "that we shall get no dinner out of our sisters: they can't let the young ladies go without theirs, and won't let us sit down at table with them. So we'll get something at the *Black Swan*, and Johnnie must come too."

Mr. John evidently approved; and as soon as we had got back to the house, the proposal was laid before their three sisters, who, I felt sure, would instantly refuse to entertain it. But they did nothing of the kind.

"But, my dear, you must run home and ask your Mama—with our brothers' compliments, you know; and if she allows you to, it will be a very good plan."

And so, for the first time in my life, I had a meal in an hotel, with two grown-up gentlemen for company. The cold

beef seemed to taste different from any cold beef I had previously encountered; and the pickled onions in a saucer (of a livid chilblain hue) were quite impressive: so was the plum-tart, with a knuckly roof, large enough for a party of twenty; and even the cheese, that made its presence felt as soon as the china lid was off, had a gentlemanly suggestion that I felt to be stimulating. The waiter appeared to think me about the same age as the other John, and asked nonchalantly what I would please to drink, Mr. Richard catching his eye and suggesting lemonade. He refused to have his eye caught again, and brought three bottles of it, which he opened with the air of believing them to be champagne—as dexterously twisting napkins round their necks as if he had been a hangman.

"So," observed Mr. John, when the waiter had left us to our fruit (which partook in character of the unusualness of the whole feast and did not taste in the least as if it had ever grown in a garden, but had a rakish flavour as if it had sat up all night with the cheese); "so, Johnnie, you're enrolled among our sisters' young ladies."

Mr. Richard did not seem to think this remark fortunate and cut in.

"Not at all. Our sister, Patricia, is his private tutor. She was mine once—when I was ten and she was about twelve: but I daresay she's not so strict with Johnnie. She used to make me stand in the corner if I made mistakes—till she found that I wrote 'Patricia is horrid' on the wallpaper, with one 'r' and a stump of pencil she had given me in reward for knowing all the kings and their dates down to Charles I."

"Why didn't you know 'em down to Queen Victoria?" demanded his brother, whose mind was discursive.

"Because I wouldn't learn Cromwell, as he wasn't a king, and Patricia would not let me learn the others till I would say him too."

"Did she find out what you wrote on the wall?" I inquired, with interest.

"Yes; and she made me write out a hundred times: 'Patricia is not horrid,' with the proper number of 'r's' in it."

"I wouldn't have written it," said Mr. John.

"Oh, yes, you would," retorted his brother, with conviction; and I agreed with him.

"You see," Mr. Richard went on, "John is a good bit older than me. . . ."

"Oh, come!" expostulated John.

"Eight years older than me," Mr. Richard went on, unmoved, "and had his first lessons from our sister Rachel: he and Florry; and they imposed on her. They wouldn't have imposed on Patricia if they had been *my* age."

"You'll make Johnnie think me quite elderly," grumbled Mr. John, with a shake of his waistcoat, as if his waist was still there somewhere, and only had to be shaken into sight.

To tell the truth I thought so already—I daresay Mr. John might be then about seven and thirty.

When we went back to their sisters we found the young ladies had been given a mitigated half-holiday—that is, they had all been sent out walking with Fräulein till tea-time. *We* were to have tea in the drawing-room, after which the gentlemen were clearly expected to conclude their visit.

"But we'll only go on one condition," said Mr. John.

"Heyday! Conditions!" cried Miss Patricia. "Conditions are for ladies, I think."

"We'll only go," persisted the good-natured John, "if Johnnie goes with us."

I gasped with excitement. The world seemed opening its doors with a suddenness that took my breath away.

"Perhaps Johnnie wouldn't care to go," suggested Miss Florry.

"Look at him!" said Mr. John. And they all did look.

"Well," said Miss Patricia, "if his Mama will trust him to you . . ." And the kind creature at once declared that she and I should go and see.

The permission was given, and my mother packed a little bag for me, only too much pleased that any change and pleasure should come in my way: it was delightfully important to have luggage of one's own, but I felt half guilty at wanting so much to go.

When the dog-cart came to the door and I was fitted in between the two gentlemen, with my tiny valise under the seat, I waved my hand encouragingly to my mother on the door-step, as though I were starting for Central Africa or Nova Zembla with every confidence as to surviving the perils of those adventurous regions.

It was surprising how different everything looked—to this day I find that even the most familiar scenes, through which one is in the constant habit of walking, look strange and slightly unreal, or pictorial, when seen from the window of a railway carriage. Mr. Timmis, of the *Black Swan*, whom I

had esteemed tallish till now, looked almost short as he stood on the pavement to watch us go; and the top of his head proved to have very little hair on it. Three boys playing hop-scotch in front of the cobbler's open window, regardless of his feeble protestations of territorial rights to object, had not a bit the air of ordinary boys. The whole street, the whole town, had acquired a remoteness that seemed quite foreign.

"It's a rum little one-horse sort of place," observed Mr. John, with the air of a Londoner.

"Driving four-in-hand like this," said his brother, slightly touching with his whip the single cob in front of him, "we naturally don't think much of one-horse concerns."

I certainly liked Mr. Richard best, though Mr. John was at least equally good-natured.

Out in the country things looked less abnormal, because they were slightly less familiar: when they ceased to be familiar they were only more interesting.

"We're in Wales now," remarked Mr. Richard, about four miles out of Gracechurch, and I felt that I was "abroad." When we passed a post-office I should have liked to get down and drop a short letter into it, to inform my mother I was quite well, and address it to her at "Gracechurch, England."

I could have wished that the scenery had been more unmistakably foreign. It was beautiful, but not at all unlike that on the other, the English, side of Gracechurch. After a while, as we drew near the mining-town of Llanberwyn, it became rather less beautiful, and the cottages were really not at all like those at home. They stood in rows, like rejected samples of streets, along the roadside, and had no gardens in front, and were built of a gloomy sort of stone, and had blackish slate roofs. The men lounging in front of them were grimy with coal-dust, and mostly had black hair, and they sought matter for criticism in the appearance of strangers like ourselves. At Gracechurch one merely stared at strangers in a silence that was not disparaging.

Llanberwyn was not, apparently, a one-horse place: it had, as night fell, a certain raffish liveliness. The streets were rather coaly, and the shops were ugly, but they and the frequent gin-shops were lighted up quite garishly, and there was a theatre with a jostling crowd outside it waiting for the doors to open. We drove right through the town, and it had so many streets that it took over ten minutes to do so; but, though evidently four or five times as big as Gracechurch, I saw no gentlemen's houses like those at home. There was a new church built of staring red brick, which must have

been out of sheer contentiousness, since all the houses were of stone, and made it look more nearly related to the many chapels, also of red-brick, than was, as I felt, decorous. There was no quiet churchyard, but only a paved court, with a good many bits of paper hopping about in it—for the night had grown windy—and a boys' school on one side the enclosure, a girls' school on the other, and the *Miners' Rest* opposite. The miners inside seemed to rest obstreperously.

"A good deal of life here," observed Mr. John, cheerfully.

It may have been accident, but I seemed to receive a gentle nudge from Mr. Richard's elbow, which established a community of sentiment between us, not complimentary to the "life" of Llanberwyn.

"I rather thought," remarked Mr. John, five minutes later, when we were out in the country again, "you would have given the cob a rest and a feed there."

"Well, I didn't think of it," said Mr. Richard, and the matter rested. He was evidently, though the younger brother, the one who settled what should be done. In the same dress and with a moustache, I felt sure Miss Patricia would have been exactly like him.

Mr. John grew sleepy, and the red end of his cigar glowed less cheerfully; but much redder lights began to spring up. Coal-mines became more and more frequent, and trees grew rarer. There were still fields, but, even by moonlight, they had not the quiet look of fields at home. Here and there monstrous mounds and terraces arose, black against the pale sky, sometimes afire with wind-blown fires, and bestridden by horrible frames of woodwork like tangled groups of gibbets. When a mine was near the road one could see black figures of unearthly men moving about in the flare of fire and naphtha jets.

"So you see now, Johnnie," the other John observed, drowsily, "where your coal comes from."

"Yes," I replied, wondering if one could do without it and burn only wood; and hoping that my kind hosts did not actually reside at the mouth of a coal-pit.

They did not. Presently we turned off the main road and drove down a long hill for a mile or more, then up another for another mile—where Mr. Richard suggested that John should stretch his legs, which he did under protest. Then we plunged down into a woody valley, where it was as dark as if light had never been created, finally half way

up another hill, and in at a farm-house-looking sort of white gate, and—our journey was ended.

Trees seemed almost to fill up the valley, from the bottom of which there came the sound of water, and trees grew close up to the house. The door stood open, and so did the windows; in the light of them were some cows of a different pattern from ours at home—they seemed to be black, with white sheets thrown over them.

Here Mr. Richard, who was an engineer of some sort, lodged; his brother being on a visit to him from Liverpool.

The landlady, a hardish-looking person, with smooth, flat very black hair, red cheeks, and a nose like two dots, came into the hall to welcome us, and made me think of a penny doll. But she was very kind to me, and declared I must be tired to death after riding nineteen miles, poor lamb.

"Supper's ready and waiting," she said, "and Kezia shall bring it in while I get the little chintz-room ready—thank God I'm not one as you can ever come on without clean sheets all aired. Then he shall go to his bed, poor lamb."

It was an excellent supper, though it had not the gay bachelor flavour of the *Black Swan* meal; and the room was not without distinctive features, for there was a convex looking-glass over the chimney-piece that made you look almost a mile away, and bent round, as if you had been reflected in the back of a bright spoon; and there was a stuffed rabbit, in a gorse landscape, with two heads, "shot," as an inscription in the corner stated, "by me, John Morgan, 29th February, 1859"—but whether the rarity of the date accounted for the superfluity of heads there was nothing to show.

Kezia was, I thought, old for a housemaid, being apparently about sixty, of a bony build, like Mrs. Hornskull, and in the habit of saying, "So, then!" when she understood any order given her, and "Did you wish?" when she didn't. She wore clogs, and tumbled off them once when hurrying in with a silver christening mug for me to drink out of.

Mrs. Morgan arrived very soon after supper, and delivered, as though it were a message she had just received by telegraph, an announcement that it was time, in my Mama's opinion, for me to go to bed. As I had been holding one eye open with a forefinger, and surveying the rabbit out of the other with a growing impression that he had three heads, I was not sorry; and off I went.

Mrs. Morgan had unpacked my small valise, and she now

helped me to undress.

"Lor!" she said, "you'd feel strange with only two men to look after you: what does men know of children, poor lambs? And I'll be bound you'd never say your prayers, homely and comfortable like, with ne'er a woman's lap to say 'em up against."

At home over my bed there was a crucifix and a beautiful medallion head of our Lady. Over the bed here, in Mrs. Morgan's chintz-room, was a print of the Rev. John Wesley, in which the artist had relied a good deal on the famous squint to ensure a resemblance.

"Please," I observed, hurriedly, at the end of my short prayers, "I want to put the miners in."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Morgan.

"And, please God make the men who get the coal as good as—as can be expected."

"Dear heart!" cried Mrs. Morgan.

When I was in bed, Mrs. Morgan lingered a little to light a rush-lamp that cast a slightly unearthly reflection on the ceiling.

"So you'd like to say a word for the miners," she remarked.

"Yes, please," I replied, wondering if there were anything objectionable in the idea.

"My brother was in the pit," she went on, hastily, "him whose christnin' mug you drunk out of at supper. Uncle Laban, a well-to-do man in the grocery, give it him, being his godfather. For chapel-folks mostly go to church to be christened and buried and that. Uncle Laban *had* the cup: he was not one as would have bought it on purpose: and being a child's he couldn't use it, like; he being a bachelor and all."

"Is your brother in the pit now?" I asked, as Mrs. Morgan paused here.

"Dear, no! my dear. 'His workin' days are o'er, and he's on the shinin' shore.' That's where Japheth is. . . ."

She sat down on a box with a chintz cover by the bed, and stroked the quilt softly with her short, stubby hand.

"That's where he is, so you needn't mind my telling you. It won't daunt you?"

"No," I said, as stoutly as I could.

"Well, Japheth was my only brother, and a year younger. Mother had only him to work for her; father being dead—else she didn't like his going to the pit. She'd been brought up tender, in a gentleman's family, and she couldn't abide

to think of Japheth turning out rough and swearin', like the most of the pit-hands. But Japheth would go: knowing the wage was good, and us both depending on him. 'If I'm black outside the Lord'll have to look inside, mother,' he said. And black inside he never grew. Well, he went. And a stiddier lad there never was, nor cleaner lived. All the same, mother and he fell out in a way of speaking. For he took up with a halum-scalum Irish lad called Patsy Conor, working in the same shift with Japheth, and through Patsy he got to know Patsy's priest, another Irishman, Father Creagh they called him. Mother couldn't abide either of them: Patsy was always larkin', and he teased our cat and mocked our minister (who had a gobbling way of talking in common life, though fine in the pulpit), and Japheth would do all on earth for the priest, so as I think mother was a bit jealous of him. Then Japheth turned Catholic out and right, and mother was as cross and put about as if he'd turned Italian, and gone round with an organ and a monkey. It seemed gall and wormwood to her even to hear Japheth praised, if it was Father Creagh that praised him. . . . Well, she's dead too now, and I'll be bound they're together and have made it all up. It's time you were asleep, and I'll finish up quick. There was an accident: one of the bad ones; many men in Japheth's pit killed. But he came up to the pit's mouth safe and not a scratch on him. Father Creagh was at the pit's mouth, among the women, cheering them up or trying to, and fine and glad he was to see our Japheth step out of the cage safe and sound. 'Has Patsy come up?' Japheth asked him, and asked everyone. But no one could give any account of Patsy, and Japheth said, 'Then I'll go down again,' and down he would go; and the priest said so must he, for there were others of his Irish fellows, besides Patsy, down in the pit. So Japheth and Father Creagh went down again, and, to cut it short, they found Patsy, with a beam across him, in one of the workings: the others of the rescue-party warned them to hold back and wait, but the priest said Death wouldn't wait and he couldn't, and went on—our Japheth with him. And the priest knelt down and heard the Irish lad his confession and that, and . . . and then the coal came down, and . . . and Patsy and the priest and our Japheth went up together. . . . So I thank you, kindly, my lamb, for the word you'd put in for the miners: and there's many of them, let alone our Japheth, 'as good as can be expected.' "

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

The Lower Depths of Anticlericalism.

IN an article printed in the last number of this magazine, we did our best to expose the true character of a pretended historical work recently compiled by a certain Dr. A. S. Rappoport and published by Messrs. Stanley Paul under the title of *The Love Affairs of the Vatican*. If we return to the subject in our present issue, it is not that we attach any such great importance to Dr. Rappoport's wretched volume, but rather to say something upon a more general question which we were then precluded from treating by the limits of space. That *The Love Affairs of the Vatican* is a deplorable specimen of literature, no one who looks into the allegations made last month will be tempted to doubt. None the less, it is not so bad that it might not be worse. Perhaps our strongest objection against such a book is precisely that it paves the way for worse, being but a mitigated imitation of a crowd of similar anticlerical libels which, on the Continent, throw all decency and respect for truth to the winds.

If we have spoken, then, in strong terms of the share of the publishers in advertising and disseminating this prurient fiction which pretends to be history, it is primarily because their action tends to cast a mantle of respectability over a style of literature which is corrupting to all public decency and morality. The tide of that literature is rising higher and higher. In France and Italy for nearly half a century past, it has swept away all restraints and parades itself openly in every shop window. During the last twenty years it has established itself in England. But up to the present it is only the free-thinking manufacturing centres of the Midlands and the North that have been occupied in force. So long as this fungus growth leads a hole-and-corner existence and is associated with bad paper and cheap printing, or else at the other extreme of the scale is produced by exclusive book clubs at prohibitive prices, it carries its own caution on the face of it. It is labelled **POISON** and any healthy-minded adult, whatever his own practice may be, will snatch it from the hands of the

young, the foolish, and the innocent. The worst danger comes when you can get it from every circulating library without any label, when it stands in a row with other things perfectly harmless, when it is procurable at an ordinary price, well printed and solidly bound, when it is cried up by whole-page advertisements in first-class journals, and endorsed with the names of presumably respectable publishers. This is the form in which *The Love Affairs of the Vatican* has been presented to the British public, but it belongs in its essence to a class of books of which the average English reader knows little or nothing. We shall be rendering a service, we believe, if we can bring home to even a few of our countrymen the kind of inspiration which is reflected by such a work as that of Dr. Rappoport and the kind of writers who produce it.

Although we have succeeded in tracing a good many of the "sources" from which *The Love Affairs of the Vatican* has been compiled, there are, we are satisfied, others which so far have escaped us. Some of the books which it would be interesting to examine, are not easily procurable, especially outside the country of their origin. In particular, we have regretted our inability to compare the contents of Dr. Rappoport's volume with certain anti-papal fictions of a very similar character which were given to the world thirty years ago by the notorious M. Léo Taxil,¹ the founder of the *Anti-Clérical*. Thanks to the fact that M. Taxil, from 1885 to 1897, went through a phase of real or pretended conversion during which he professed to make revelations of a most startling character regarding Continental Freemasonry, the history of his earlier career has been written with remarkable frankness by those who can in no way be suspected of clerical sympathies. M. Léo Taxil, or, to call him by his proper name, M. Jogand-Pagès, may quite serve as a type of the class of compiler we have in mind. Without saying that Dr. Rappoport's fictions are quite so gross as those of Léo Taxil, we do not hesitate to declare that both writers are conspicuous for the same complete unscrupulousness as regards historic truth,² and we suspect that the connection between them may go further than a mere family likeness. But of this, up to the present, we have no evidence. Meanwhile, in spite of its length, we

¹ These books, notably the three, *Un Pape femelle*, *Les Borgia*, and *Les Maitresses du Pape*, are not to be found in the library of the British Museum.

² Though we have not yet been able to procure the books mentioned in the last note, we have examined Léo Taxil's *Amours secrets de Pie IX.* and some others of similar character.

venture to set before the reader a full translation of the account of Léo Taxil given in the supplementary volume of Larousse's *Grand Dictionnaire*.

TAXIL, Léo (GABRIEL ANTOINE JOGAND-PAGÈS), a French writer, born at Marseilles, 20 March, 1854. A pupil of the Jesuits, he became a violent anticlerical, and during a period of ten years he attacked the Church, the clergy, and the Pope in a long series of publications, the titles of which are given below. Most of them created a scandal, but this was much more due to their violence than to literary talent, which was conspicuous by its absence. In his boyhood Taxil had been sent to the reformatory of Mettray, and there had had ground of complaint against the chaplain, at any rate this was the reason he assigned for becoming a freethinker. One of his earliest pamphlets, *À bas la Calotte* (8vo, 1879), brought down upon him a prosecution for insulting the form of worship legally recognized in France, but the jury acquitted him. He was less fortunate in 1881, and found himself compelled to pay 4,000 francs damages for having unscrupulously appropriated a work, *Les Sermons de mon Curé*, written by M. Auguste Roussel, which had been published some time before, but which Taxil reprinted under his own name (1880) as soon as he heard of the author's death. Certain religious Congregations also obtained a verdict against him on a charge of libel in 1883, resulting from his publication of *Calotte et Calotins, histoire illustrée du Clergé et des Congrégations* (3 vols. 8vo, 1880—1882). The following year he was again prosecuted and sentenced to 3,000 francs fine and fifteen days' imprisonment on account of the obscene engravings inserted in one of his dreary compilations, *La Prostitution Contemporaine* (8vo, 1883). Finally, his *Amours de Pie IX.* (8vo, 1884), published under the pseudonym of A. Volpi, a work as ridiculous as it was contemptible, led, at the suit of Count Mastai, the heir of the late Pope, to a verdict of 60,000 francs damages and the compulsory insertion of the sentence in sixty newspapers. Taxil, to evade responsibility, had pretended that the pseudonym A. Volpi concealed the identity of one of the staff of the *Figaro*, M. G. Moynet, but the latter, not content with a formal denial, took the next opportunity of thrashing his accuser with a walking-stick. Taxil took out a summons against his assailant, but thought it wiser not to carry the matter further. His other works, though they did not result in legal proceedings, are all of the same character. The following are their titles: *Debrayas*, a comedy in one act (1873); *Almanachs anticlériaux et républicains* for 1879 and 1880; *Les Soutanes grotesques* (1879); *La Chasse aux corbeaux* (1878); *Le Fils du Jésuite* (1879); *Les Bêtises sacrées, revue critique des superstitions* (1881); *Les Borgias, histoire d'une famille de monstres* (1881); *Les Pornographes Sacrés*,

la Confession et les confesseurs (1882); *La Bible amusante, pour les grands et les petits* (1882), a work which first of all came out in parts with the title of *La Bible Farce*; *Un pape femelle, aventures extraordinaires et crimes épouvantables de la papesse Jeanne* (1882); *Par la grâce du Saint Esprit, roman* (1882); *L'Empoisonneur Léon XIII. et les cinq millions du Chanoine* (1883); *Marat et les héros de la Révolution* (1883); *Pie IX. devant l'Histoire, sa vie politique et pontificale, ses débauches, ses folies, ses crimes* (3 vols. 1883), this was a different work from that called *Amours de Pie IX.*; *Les Maîtresses du Pape*, roman (1884); *Les Livres secrets des Confesseurs dévoilés aux Pères de Famille* (1884), *La Plume de l'Ange* (1884); *Les Trois Cocus* (1884); *Le Sacrement du Curé* (1884); *La Vie de Jésus* (1884); *Vie de Veuillot immaculé* (1884). All these works, which are hardly more than clumsy compilations and in which M. Taxil had a certain number of collaborators, when he did not for some small sum buy the volume ready made, were published by the "Librairie Anti-Cléricale," which he had founded in Paris in the Rue des Écoles and which soon assumed considerable developments. He also became proprietor and editor of sundry newspapers, notably the *Midi républicain* of Montpellier, the *République Anti-Cléricale* and the *Anti-Clérical* started by him in Paris. He was also the founder of the "Ligue Anti-Cléricale," which in 1885 had 15,000 members. Although he was expelled from the Masonic brotherhood in 1882, after his conviction for literary piracy (the appropriation, already mentioned, of the *Sermons de mon curé*), he nevertheless occupied the presidential chair at the "Congress of Free-thinkers" in 1885. But already he was suspected of wishing to make a change of front, and a short time afterwards the report obtained currency that he had humbly returned within the fold of the Church. The statement has been made that the figure agreed upon by the Vatican as the price of M. Taxil's abjuration was a million francs. We can only say that this was a very large sum to pay for a very inconsiderable personage. Certain it is, in any case, that this tempestuous pamphleteer, after having abjured his errors before the papal nuncio himself, Mgr. di Rende, made a pilgrimage to Rome and received the absolution of Leo XIII. It was also said that to give proof of his repentance he became a Carthusian. Since that date he has published a number of other books as dull as those already mentioned, but aggressively religious and anti-republican in tone.¹

A list of these last publications is then given, beginning with the *Révélations complètes sur la franc-maçonnerie, Les Frères Trois-Points* (1885), but no purpose would be served by copying it here.

¹ Larousse, *Grand Dictionnaire Universal du XIX^e Siècle*. Deuxième Supplément, 1890, p. 1903.

This account¹ was printed in 1890, and it was not until seven years later that Taxil, who had meanwhile invented "Djana Vaughan" and had grown more and more wildly extravagant in his pretended revelations of Freemasonry, Satanism, and "Palladism," at last reached a point when credulity could bear no more and the exposure of the "mystification" followed. Then he went back to the republication of the old filthy and blasphemous literature of the Librairie Anti-Cléricale. How far this shameless calumniator, who deserves a place, if ever a man did, in the Malebolge of any modern Inferno, was sincere in his conversion must always be matter of doubt. For ourselves we believe that his submission to Rome and his breach with his old associates were for the time being entirely genuine, but perseverance was lacking, and Taxil must have found, possibly within a few weeks of his reconciliation to the Church, that his resolution was unequal to the sacrifices demanded of him. Still, having irretrievably incurred the contempt of his anticlerical friends, he could not go back to them. Hence he determined, it seems, to play out his part of convert and he embarked upon a series of bogus revelations of Masonic horrors which for a long time proved as remunerative a source of income as his attacks on religion had been. Now amongst the other volumes which Taxil gave to the world at this period was one¹ of the nature of an autobiography and entitled *Confessions d'un Ex-Libre-Penseur*. That all the statements of fact made in this narrative deserve implicit confidence we are far from maintaining. It seems certain, in view of subsequent criticisms and disclosures, that in many matters Taxil, while accusing himself with an affectation of candour and compunction, has presented his own conduct in a less revolting light than would have been imposed upon him had he been moved by a strict regard for truth. None the less, a book of "Confessions," after a public career which had scandalized the world as profoundly as Taxil's, was bound to contain many humiliating avowals. When the writer is admitting his own culpability there is no sufficient reason to distrust him, and in connection with our present subject the account which he gives of the origin of the scandalous romance which he wrote under the title of *Les Amours secrètes de Pie IX.*, is of some little interest. M. Taxil explains how certain anticlerical deputies in the Italian Parliament had, as far back as 1860, allowed themselves to give currency to

¹ The epilogue is dated by the author December 25, 1886.

sundry discreditable insinuations regarding Pius IX. in his early life. This vile gossip had been amplified and circulated in print in Switzerland and Belgium, and Taxil, meeting with some of these brochures, decided to utilize them in a romance which he proposed to publish in a newspaper, the *Midi Républicain*, committed to his editorship in 1881. The paper was a languishing affair, and the new editor conceived the idea of advertising it by making it the vehicle of a sensational scandal. The publication as a feuilleton of some story which would excite an uproar among all good Catholics, seemed the very thing for the purpose.

It was thus [says Taxil] that the idea came to me of utilizing the wretched pamphlets attacking the private life of Pius IX. which I had collected in Switzerland. It was I, then, who furnished the suggestion if not the plan of that abominable story, the title of which I now blush to write.

Integrity of life being the crowning virtue of a Pope, it was needful to represent the deceased Pontiff as a man given over to debauchery. For this reason, the romance which was to blacken his reputation was entitled *The Secret Love Affairs of Pius IX.*

But this was not all. In order to make the story more racy, we had to invent an Abbé Meslier of some sort.¹ Accordingly we created an imaginary secret chamberlain of the Pope, whom we christened Carlo Sebastiano Volpi, and the story appeared with this fictitious signature. I even composed a letter for the pretended chamberlain, and this was printed as a Preface, and helped further to impose upon the public. This, however, constituted my whole personal share in the work. Still, if I am not the author of the story, I fully recognize that I, more than any one else, am responsible to the public who have been so shamefully tricked. I offer no excuse. The original conception was mine, the mud, in other words, the raw material of lies, which the author watered down by adding new characters and incidents, was collected by me and supplied to him for the purpose.²

Taxil goes on to declare that in a fortnight the circulation of the newspaper had enormously increased, while the indignation of the Catholic party knew no bounds. A protest of the ladies of the diocese of Montpellier received more than two thousand signatures in a very brief period, and public opinion

¹ This was a fictitious character of Voltaire's. Voltaire pretended that he was a real personage, that the curé had lost his faith while acting as a priest, and that he had left a compendium of atheistic teaching to the world in his will.

² *Les Confessions*, pp. 237, 238.

spoke so strongly, that the proprietors insisted upon the suppression of the feuilleton. Taxil had to submit, but he at once recommenced the publication of *Les Amours de Pie IX.* in the *Anti-Clérical*, and shortly afterwards it appeared in book form. It would be useless to follow the history of the subsequent prosecution of Taxil by Count Mastai Feretti, nephew of the deceased Pope. A verdict with 60,000 francs damages, as already stated, was given against the libeller by the courts, but the defence seems to have obstructed the execution of judgment so successfully upon one legal pretext or another, that the Count finally went back to Italy in disgust,¹ leaving Taxil free to go on printing and advertising his abominable story as impudently as ever. Moreover, as the list of publications, quoted above, sufficiently shows, Taxil persistently added to his offences. A pretended biography, *Pie IX., devant l'Histoire*, with a sub-title which included the words "his debaucheries, his follies, and his crimes," was issued by him not long afterwards in three volumes. Further, in 1884, a new edition of the *Les Amours de Pie IX.* was issued, and the publication was advertised all over Paris by means of a pictorial poster, in which the well-known features of the late Pope were shown, surrounded by the vignettes of a bevy of women representing his supposed mistresses. The French Republic at that time still, of course, maintained diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The Papal Nuncio protested to the French Government against this outrage, and the posters were torn down by the police. The Government talked of prosecuting the author, but the Republican journals raised such a storm over this intervention, that the threatened proceedings were dropped.

For the most part, however, the publications of the *Librairie Anti-Cléricale*, however atrocious, were printed and advertised without interference of any sort. One of Taxil's books was entitled *The Poisoner, Leo XIII.* and in a passage of a volume belonging to the same collection and written by a certain Alfred Paulon, the Pontiff named is charged with unmentionable vices, a libel which, as in many similar cases, is protected from any really effective exposure by its very nastiness.² Neither can this brazen audacity be altogether a matter of surprise when one finds among the most persistently advertised publications of the *Librairie Anti-Cléricale*, a parody of the Bible with grotesque illustrations and a comic *Life of Jesus*

¹ See *Les Confessions d'un Ex-Libre-Penseur*, p. 203.

² A Paulon, *Dictionnaire Rigolo-Clérical*, Paris, 1883, p. 108, cf. p. 143.

Christ, also illustrated, in which the purpose of casting ridicule upon the person of our Saviour stands open and undisguised.¹ As we have already mentioned, Taxil, when at last compelled to drop his assumed part, and to avow his career of deception, returned to the publication of the same class of literature which had occupied him before his conversion. Nearly all the more atrocious volumes of his collection were promptly reprinted, if indeed, they had ever been out of print, *Les Amours de Pie IX.* among the number. Perhaps the most effective illustration we can give of the kind of anti-religious works which are still unblushingly sold by certain Paris booksellers, is to reproduce over page in facsimile the advertisement which adorns the back cover of a volume purchased a short time ago. It is only when one realizes all the anti-religious venom which underlies the mere publication of such a list, that one comes to understand something of the gall and bitterness which distresses us at times in the writings of Catholic champions of the temper of the late Louis Veuillot. If the Catholic party in France often seem *intransigeant* and extravagant in their hatred of republican governments, Jews, Freemasons and *id genus omne*, they have been through experiences during these last twenty or thirty years of which not one Englishman in a hundred is capable of forming any idea.

Further, it cannot be any longer maintained that this prostitution of literature is a matter remote and unpractical, which does not directly concern us here in England. If we may record our own conviction, a really alarming advance has been made during the last few years towards a licence and unabashed publicity which differs very little from the state of things prevailing on the Continent. No doubt there has always been a market in this country for books of a more or less corrupt and debasing type. The removal of the restraints imposed by public opinion has been slow and insidious; but that things have been getting notably worse, whether demand has created the supply, or supply the demand—for in this matter both processes seem possible—is plainly established by the agreement tardily arrived at in 1909 between the managers of the principal circulating libraries. The action

¹ Though we have not had the opportunity of examining either of these works, their blasphemous profanity is abundantly made evident in the detailed summary of contents published in the advertisement sheets of many volumes of the *Librairie Anti-Cléricale*. It would be easy to quote, but such illustrations would simply outrage the reader's sense of decorum without any good result.

taken was at least proof of the need—a need recognized by all decent-minded people—for the exercise of greater discretion in distributing works of fiction in which lubricity is the dominant characteristic. Neither is supervision required for works of fiction alone. The existence of such a book as *The Love Affairs of the Vatican*, which either is, or has the air of being,

A LA MÈME LIBRAIRIE

La Bible Amusante , par Léo TAXIL, avec quatre cents dessins comiques de FRID'RICK	5."
Célèbre édition, format in-8° écu, beau volume de 824 pages. En dehors de 400 spirituels dessins, qui sont, à eux seuls, une critique aussi joyeuse que complète des divers épisodes bibliques, cette édition contient un texte très développé (<i>vingt-mille lignes</i>) comprenant les citations <i>textuelles</i> de l'Écriture sainte (avec indication des versets), et reproduisant toutes les réfutations opposées par Voltaire Fréjet, lord Bollinbroke, Toland et autres savants philosophes	
La Vie de Jésus , par Léo TAXIL. Un fort volume, illustré de 50 dessins comiques, du célèbre caricaturiste PERRIN. Même format que la <i>Bible amusante</i> , et son pendant, pour toute bibliothèque philosophique.	4."
Le Capucin enflammé , roman comique, par le R. P. ALLÉLUIA, de l'Ordre de la Sainte-Rigolade. Un volume illustré.	3.50
Le Couvent de Gemorrhe , par Jacques SOUFFRANCE, roman historique. Mœurs abominables et mystères horribles des communautés religieuses. Illustré.	3.50
Le Moine incestueux , orgies des couvents, par Edmond PLOERT. Un volume illustré	3.50
Les Amours d'un Supérieur de Séminaire , par Achille LE ROY. Un volume illustré.	3.50
La Belle Dévote , par Jean VINDEX, roman passionnel, couverture illustrée, par Jack ABEILLÉ	3.50
L'Alcove du Cardinal , par Jean VINDEX. Un fort volume illustré de nombreux dessins, dans lequel l'auteur dévoile toutes les turpitudes et les mensonges du clergé. couverture illustrée en couleurs.	3.50
Les Débauches d'un Confesseur , par Jean PAUPEN, suivies des Galanteries de la Bible , par Evariste PARNY. Un fort volume illustré par LACARIÈRE. couverture en couleur.	3.50

FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF A WORK OF LÉO TAXIL,
PUBLISHED SINCE 1900; see preceding page.

more salacious than the most *risqué* of romances, is sufficient to prove the contrary. Indeed it seems to us that since this agreement among the circulating libraries concerning novels, there has been a distinct increase in the number of books published in which the discussion of scandalous or erotic themes is glossed over by the pretence of writing biographical memoirs. This impression may or may not be well founded, but one thing is certain. Side by side with the spread of corruption among those more affluent and leisured classes from which the subscribers to the circulating libraries are mainly drawn, there has been a very notable increase of audacity on the part of the book-sellers who in our great towns purvey degrading and immoral literature to the working-classes. Perhaps the anti-religious note is not quite so much emphasized in these publications as it is in the issues of the Librairie Anti-Cléricale which we have been considering, but we find in the advertisements much the same mixture of indecency, blasphemy, quasi-medical science, and the unreserved discussion of sexual problems, which has long existed on the Continent. And the most startling feature in this evil is that there is now no concealment about it. We have before us the booklet of a tradesman—half bookseller, half publisher—in the Midlands. As we are not anxious to give him an advertisement we suppress all names, but the dealer himself courts publicity in every way. His name and address are printed on each page, while a notice on the outer cover appeals to all visitors, urging: "Don't fail to see the largest book stores out of London," Nos. 17—26 of such and such a street. Moreover, the encouraging assurance is added: "Ladies may call with the greatest confidence. There is a properly qualified Lady always in attendance. The Medical Department is a *Special Feature*. Thousands of medical books to select from." As for the selection of books advertised, it is most degrading. There are of course the novels of such writers as Zola and Paul de Kock in English, but it is the quasi-medical and sexual literature which is more especially pressed upon the readers' notice. For example—if we may allow "X and X" to stand for the title of the work:

WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR
"X AND X,"

The only book which solves the great problem of over-population.

And again :

PURIS OMNIA PURA

(To the Pure all things are Pure).

"X AND X,"

THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOK OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Selling all over the World.

Should be read by every man and woman in the
wide, wide World.

The wonderful book is translated into almost all European
languages.

It contains the only sure method of preventing Pauperism
and Misery.

IT MUST BE READ TO BE BELIEVED.

Young married people should read it in time.

There are other phrases unmistakably indicating the nature of the contents in terms we do not care to quote. But this is only one of half a dozen similar works. For example to cite one other instance :

OVER 250,000 ALREADY SOLD.

"Y AND Y,"

By A. B.

Being a comprehensive and confidential Treatise on the structure, functions, passional attractions and perversions, true and false physical and social conditions, and the most intimate relations of men and women. Illustrated. Post free, 5s. 6d.

How utterly insincere is the pretence of a serious scientific purpose is exemplified by such a notice as the following, inserted in a most prominent place to attract purchasers for another similar and scientifically worthless book described as *Aristotle's Masterpiece*.

This edition was seized and prosecuted by the Chief Constable of Lichfield. The *Lichfield Herald and City Times*, Nov. 23, 1894, gives some two columns of the trial. The plates were condemned as obscene by the Lichfield magistrates.

There is no attempt to disguise the fact that the seizure of the book is used as a bait for the curious; and the reader is further assured that this is :

The only unabridged edition sold in England. A faithful reprint of the famous French edition, now in the Paris Museum (!). The whole of the coloured plates are published intact from the original copy.

Whether the Lichfield magistrates were or were not justified in their decision, it is plain enough that the book-seller's appeal is directed to the prurient instincts of the public. The same is true of the advertisement of a coloured postcard, which, from the threat of proceedings against infringers of the copyright, is apparently the property of the advertiser. The original painting is said to be valued at 1,500 guineas, and to have occupied the artist fifteen months.

The figures number twenty-one, forming a group of such exquisite beauty, that the spectator is simply held spellbound. The picture exposes a state of licentiousness in England such as no Eastern harem could surpass. Card playing, drinking, music, and singing in the presence of a Minister of the Gospel with the infant babe on his knee.

All this may be had "carefully packed" for fourpence, while the original picture is on exhibition at the Book Stores from which the advertisement emanates. Then, of course, we have anti-Christian literature of the Ingersoll type, and anti-Catholic books such as those on *Priestcraft* and *The Confessional Exposed*. All these are very lurid, and in the description of the last named we are assured *inter alia*:

The REVELATIONS of the lives of Pope Pius IX., Cardinal Antonelli, Father Achazius, J. B. Girard, Bishop Mahoney, and the frightful percentage of bastardy in Rome is (*sic*) something terrible.

Now what most of all impresses us in all this is not the nature of the literature—much of it would probably be found to be considerably less indecent than the descriptions would lead one to suppose—but the unabashed publicity of the whole traffic. A place of business occupying several numbers in an important street and able to describe itself as "the largest Book Stores out of London," sends out circulars of this kind in their thousands. The proprietor is evidently a person who has himself had experience of the law courts, for amongst the other advertisements, we have a volume bearing his own name and entitled *Prosecutions and Persecutions; the Story of my Life*; while another book announced, which has reference apparently to the late action of the Post Office in regard to the transmission of indecent photographs, advertises itself thus:

A POST OFFICE OUTRAGE
AND MEDICAL TYRANNY.
WITH SIDELIGHTS ON OFFICIALISM.

This remarkable work is one of the most daring things published during the present century. The manner in which the postal authorities open the letters and confiscate the goods of the public is scathingly exposed. The attitude of the English Government in attempting to curtail the right of medical freedom also comes in for searching criticism. In addition, the proposals embodied in the new Indecency Act are ruthlessly analysed, revealing a state of things little short of a modern "Reign of Terror." Rarely has the tyranny of Parliament gone to such lengths. It is the greatest defence of the poor ever made.

The discerning reader will easily understand exactly what this all means, and when he studies the catalogues of certain London publishers analogous to that commented upon in the October number of this Review, he will appreciate the fact that, though the appeal is made to different classes, the purpose of both is the same. It surely must be the aim of all right-thinking men, who care anything for the moral welfare of their country, to endeavour to bring public opinion to bear upon this abuse in the hope of retarding, at least, its further development. So far as our examination of the question has enabled us to form a judgment, blatant anticlericalism almost invariably spells pornography and immorality. It is impossible to believe that a serious and honest purpose lies at the root of any of that sort of literature to which our attention has been directed in the course of the present article.

H. T.

A Forest Sanctuary.

OF all public parks that I know there is none so many-sided as the Vienna *Prater*. To talk of it as a park is, indeed, a misnomer, so various are the ingredients that go to its composition. At one end of the huge domain (which is not municipal but Imperial), stands the small city of booths known as the *Wurstl-Prater*—dearly-beloved resort of cooks on Sundays. Hard by lies the establishment which still obstinately calls itself *Venedig in Vien*, although its original gondolas have long since been superseded by the inevitable Giant Wheel, the Scenic Railway, the Fool's Palace, and all the rest of present-day attractions. Follows a string of *Café-Restaurants*, whose look alone would suffice to tell any sleeper suddenly plumped down on this spot of earth in which European capital he had awakened; for to the typical Viennese's idea of pleasure the certain knowledge that he has a coffee-house to right of him, a coffee-house to left of him, a coffee-house in front of him, is indispensable. A little further on you may be alarmed by coming upon a blue-coated infantry soldier crouching behind a tree, with his rifle pointed apparently straight at your head, or may be further startled by a whole line of these blue-coats popping out of a ditch close by—like so many Jacks in the Box—and, across your very path, making for the next line of cover; while somewhere hard by the rigours of this mimic war are being relaxed in favour of red-capped Bosnian recruits, who fill up the pauses in foot-drill by a go at Blind Man's Buff. If your tastes are rural, you may wander through what are practically woodland glades, crossed perchance in the distance by a group of wild deer, and, emerging on to the edge of a stretch of grassland, may come upon a party of golf-players, whose sight bears back your thoughts to far-away Northern links! Or, should you incline to the sporting line, you have only to steer for the *Rotunde*—relic of the Exhibition of 1873—beside which the course for trotting-races stretches its loops.

The race-course proper lies at the far end of the *Prater*, in the so-called *Freudenau*, with the quaint old *Lusthaus* standing on guard before its entrance. And right through the length of the whole huge domain runs, like a backbone, the magnificent *Hauptallee*, stretching in a single, unbroken line, without curve or turn, from the *Praterstern* to the *Lusthaus*—a distance of four English miles,—the grandest horse-chestnut avenue in Europe,—in saying which I am not overlooking the claims of Bushey Park,—presenting in May, when its stately trees are one mass of white and pink blossoms, a spectacle of almost fairy-like enchantment. There, in the height of the season, Vienna life flows in a turbulent and brilliant stream. Under the admiring eyes of the gaily-dressed crowd upon the footpaths, liveried carriages and electric broughams (the benzine motor being relegated to other avenues), seem to be running races with that *fiaker*, whose traditional driver, with hat cocked on ear and red carnation in button-hole, will, alas, soon have evolved into a chauffeur. There, too, at Whitsuntide, flower-decked carriages, with little girls in white frocks and with white flowers or white bows upon their hatless heads, or little boys in Sunday suits, with white button-holes and spotless gloves, sitting by the side of elderly ladies and gentlemen, are to be seen proceeding at a usually solemn pace. For in this season of confirmation a time-honoured Viennese custom prescribes an afternoon drive in the *Prater* as the fitting sequel to the ceremony of the morning. No godfather or godmother who can possibly afford a *fiaker*, and at least, a few paper flowers, would have the face to refuse this treat to godchild or children. These rare and lily-wreathed carriages full of beaming children's faces, with white favours fluttering from the whips, and the very horses wearing nosegays behind their blinkers, are another of those sights calculated to reveal Vienna to the sleeper awakened.

Parallel to the *Hauptallee* runs the Viennese Rotten Row, a very much narrower edition of its prototype, but all the gayer to the eye for the jostle of uniforms. It is patronized chiefly by the bidder for public admiration; for the more genuine rider there are plenty of grassy stretches close at hand, plenty of secluded bridle-paths winding under forest trees, or by the side of sleepy waters, where he may dream himself miles away from the capital.

But to exhaust the aspects of the *Prater* would be impossible in a few pages. You may walk there daily and yet never

end your discoveries. To-day I want to speak of my newest, lately made within a few minutes' walk of the *Lusthaus*, that ancient, octangular, green-shuttered pavilion, which, to judge from its balconies above and pillared gallery below, began by being an Imperial *pleasance*,—something like a glorified summer-house. Needless to say that it has long since gone to swell the inexhaustible ranks of *Cafés*.

The day I am thinking of, though late autumn, was brilliantly fine, was a Sunday, and moreover, a race-day—which latter combination will, I fear, shock my readers—and which certainly resulted in a display of life disproportionate to the waning season. The little tables on the pillared gallery had been decked with white cloths, perhaps for the last time this year, and busy waiters, balancing upon their shoulders trays laden with thick little white coffee-pots, were hurrying across the gravelled space. The hoot of motors and the tramp of horses were in the air, most of these bound for the neighbouring race-course. The scene was not one to suggest either peace or piety; and yet it was at about eight minutes' walk from the *Lusthaus* that I came upon that forest sanctuary, whose image has haunted me ever since.

The day was indeed ideal; the horse-chestnuts one glow of many-shaded gold, here and there a maple flaming as though on fire, other trees delicately yellow, or still of a somewhat weary green. Down below plenty of greenery still remaining,—this of fresher tint: brambles and ferns and tangles of indistinguishable but luxurious weeds revelling in the damp of the low-lying soil. There are spots at which the world seems at this moment to consist of a golden dome and a green carpet, though day by day the dome grows more defective, and the carpet strewn with its wrecks, glows in its turn into gold. The coming winter has sent forth its warning. Among the gorgeous horse-chestnuts there stands more than one half-stripped skeleton, with black limbs showing through the ragged golden robes,—a veritable *memento mori* to its companions, flaunting so insolently in the sunshine, with evidently no thought of the morrow.

The path which I pursue is one which on week-days is best traversed with a revolver in one's pocket, by reason of that pest of any great city's outskirts, the modern hooligan, known here technically as *Plattenbruder*. But on a Sunday—and such a Sunday as this—no such thing as solitude threatens. More than one family group, diversified by idylli-

cally inclined couples are wandering in the wood and, in default of flowers, collecting bunches of red and yellow leaves. Others are hurrying on towards some further point of attraction. It was while following the steps of these latter that I discovered the *Waldandacht*.

A crazy little bridge leading over a water-course, now dry, has to be crossed before you become aware, hard by the path, of a group of some fifteen or twenty trees, whose trunks literally disappear under the most miscellaneous collection of objects of devotion which a rather disordered imagination could conjure up. Although there is nothing but a roof of living branches overhead, the impression conveyed is of a rustic chapel, at whose door your step is involuntarily checked and your voice hushed. The masses of crimson and orange foliage in the background, through which the fast-sinking sun shoots its last shafts, as through stained glass windows, help to enhance this impression.

The *Waldandacht*!—quaintest and most touching, if not most lovely of open-air chapels that I have ever met with,—how am I to describe you and yet save you from ridicule? The cynic who passes this way, and in pure curiosity lingers for a moment, what else can he do but smile at these closely-packed prints and photogravures of Virgin and Child, these damaged crucifixes and dreadful little statuettes, which seem to grow upon the trees as thickly as though they were a natural fruit? The artist—unless he be one of those happy ones who are able to see the beauty of an idea right through the ugliness of a mere thing—how should he not shudder at sight of these caricatures of individuals who, in spite of being canonized, may be supposed, while still in the flesh, to have been like other human beings, of these long-necked St. Aloysius' and short-legged St. Josephs, with nimbus like tea-trays stuck behind their heads, and holding between the tips of anaemic fingers stalks of lilies, which it would be botanically impossible to classify!

Among these works of art some are so old as to be almost obliterated, others so new that the oleograph colours vie in tint with the autumn leaves—and beat them easily. From some branches dangle lanterns of coloured glass; upon others rosaries are recklessly festooned, making them look as though laden with brown berries. Bunches of faded forest flowers droop beside paper roses. Upon rough bits of board small paper pictures of the common prayer-book size (these the

offerings of the poorest among the poor) are nailed side by side, so close that at places they overlap into a semblance of scales. Upon other slips of paper are to be read, traced by obviously uneducated hands, such inscriptions as: "*Aus Dankbarkeit!*" ("Out of gratitude") or: "*Maria hat geholfen! Maria wird weiter helfen!*" ("Mary has helped, Mary will help again.") And all these things, made fast to trunks and branches with wire, with twine, with nails, stuffed in anywhere and everywhere where space permits, having already overflowed across the path and taken possession of a couple of trees on the opposite side—stand exposed to the inclemencies of all seasons, as, indeed, their weather-beaten aspect proclaims. Sunshine has bleached, rain washed out the tints of all but the newest coloured prints and paper flowers; slowly melting snow has rotted wooden frames, of which many gape at the joints, some of them empty of their original contents; hailstones have shattered the protecting glass and broken several of the lanterns. Layer upon layer of cobwebs, blocked with dust, and now good only for capturing some yellow leaf on its way to the ground, drape Saints and Madonnas alike. The damp of the woodland has eaten into more than one wooden cross with the green tooth of mildew, into more than one tin emblem with the red one of rust. Winter storms have torn to strips many of the pictures. Legless Saints and headless Christs abound,—a very hospital of holy cripples.

The one thing which has braved the seasons is a life-size statue evidently intended for the Virgin Mary, though lacking either a halo or a Madonna-like expression. A rough *prie-Dieu* stands before it, and an inscription on the pedestal announces that it has been dedicated to "Our dear Lady, out of respectful gratitude," by Franz and Marie Plankenbüechler. This figure seems to have proved the starting-point of the *Waldandacht*, the kernel, so to say, round which the rest has formed as though by a natural process.

The origin of this open-air sanctuary is not easy to trace. A toothless old beggar-woman who, rosary in hand, stood at what might be called the entrance, welcoming all comers with a husky "*Grüss Gott!*" and seemingly doing the honours of the place, told me, when questioned, a weird tale about a shoemaker, who, some dozen years ago, broke his neck one night by falling over the edge of that same crazy bridge already mentioned,—whether or not on his way back from

the public-house I forbore to ask. So far as I could gather from the mumbled yarn, it was his family who had commemorated the event by setting up the stone statue,—which I cannot help suspecting of having originally been a somewhat unusually well-draped Heathen goddess fetched out of some disused garden, and summarily Christianized. But how about the inscription?—for unless the defunct shoemaker had been a very trying person indeed, it is scarcely likely that the relatives—whatever their private sentiments—would so loudly proclaim their gratitude to Providence. For the honour of human nature let us trust that, owing to my informant's lack of teeth, I missed the point of the story, and that it was because the shoemaker might have broken his neck but did not, that the statue was raised.

Another theory has it that the pictures are *ex votos* of those rescued from the Danube, whose majestic waves roll past at a couple of hundred paces distance. The only thing that seems clear is that the family of Plankenbüechler is in some way responsible for the *Waldandacht*; for over the entrance of the indispensable *Café-Restaurant*, standing beyond the edge of the wood and almost on the bank of the river, their melodious name greets you once more, large-lettered:

“ RESTAURATION ZUR WALDANDACHT FRANZ UND
MARIE PLANKENBUECHLER.”

And upon one wing of the low-built wooden house:

MARIENSAAL.

The sound of a waltz floating out through the open windows seems to argue that Herr Plankenbüechler has happily combined the spiritual with the worldly side of life.

Whether the author of a poem framed under glass and hanging upon one of the trees of the *Waldandacht* hails likewise from the Plankenbüechler family I cannot pretend to say; but the *naïveté* of the verses is in such perfect harmony with that of the place that I cannot forbear to quote them in as near a translation as I can achieve,—halting metre, defective rhymes and all.

When thy soul is bowed with grief
Thy poor heart full of pain,
Lose not thy faith, the time is nigh
When new life blooms again.

Seek not for comfort in the crowd,
Seek it in thine own heart ;
'Tis not in man to understand
How hope betrayed doth smart.

And though thou cry aloud thy wrongs,
Thy tortured breast dost strike,
'Tis vain to go from house to house,
Know'st well what men are like !

Come hither to the *Waldandacht*,
Thou wilt find quiet there,
And here before our Blessed Lord
Pour out thy soul in prayer.

And he will give thee strength enough
To bear thy heavy part.
'Tis God alone can understand
The suffering human heart.

Stuff enough here to provoke the smile of the poet, as the pictures have done that of the artist, and yet not lacking at least one of the elements of poetry: conviction.

Conviction, indeed, is writ large all over the forest sanctuary, whose elements of simple-minded piety, for all their grotesqueness, thereby escape ridicule. "Barbarous travesties of sacred conceptions," I have heard such displays pronounced; and have sympathized with the objectors until one day when a small boy of my acquaintance, after standing for some minutes speechless before one of those almost terrifying, wayside crucifixes to be met with in the Bavarian Alps, upon which red paint is used with reckless prodigality—turned round with his eyes full of tears and announced:

"When I am big I will kill the people who did that!"

From that moment on, I understood that where elementary minds are in question even red paint can have its uses.

And although this boy in particular—long since grown big—far from killing "the people who did that"—seems more inclined to join in the cry of "Crucify Him!" who can say that the impression was wasted? Is not this exactly one of those early memories which are so apt to stir again—in their appointed hour?

For the wise of this world such sights as the *Waldandacht* bears no message; but neither is it to the wise that certain secrets have been revealed. Those, as we know, have been reserved for the humble. As I take a last look at the forest sanctuary,—out of the depth of the wood, through the murmur of falling leaves a voice seems to sigh in my ear:

"If you become not as one of these little ones——"

But the shadows are gathering. With the dying-down of the light behind them the stained-glass windows have grown dull. A blue haze floats between the distant tree-trunks. Putting a coin into the hand of the toothless beggar-woman, and pursued by her quavering "*Vergelt's Gott!*" I hasten back over the rickety bridge and along the well-trodden path. Within a few minutes my ears are being once more rent by the hoot of the motors. I have to bide my time ere I am able to cross the gravelled space before the *Lusthaus*—one mass of vehicles now, for the races are just over. No mistake about it. I am back again in that crowd in which, as the anonymous poet of the *Waldandacht* has just reminded me, consolation is not to be found.

DOROTHEA GERARD.

(Madame Longard de Longgarde.)

The Uniats in Galicia.

IN the *Times* for April 19th a long letter entitled "The Religious Persecution in Galicia" appeared over the signature of Count Vladimir Bobrinsky, "member of the Imperial Russian Duma." It told of a religious movement among the Ruthenian peasants in Austrian Galicia and the contiguous Hungarian provinces which are inhabited by a population of the same race. These people, who live on both slopes of the Southern and Eastern Carpathians, number about four million, and in religion are Uniats; that is to say, though retaining, like the Russians, the ancient Slavonic Liturgy together with a married clergy and other customs that have prevailed in the East from time immemorial, they are in union with the Holy See. The Count's object is to represent them as in their sympathies not Uniats, but longing to be brought back to the schismatic communion which under the name of Orthodox is the State religion of the Russian Empire. What keeps them back from acting in conformity with this racial aspiration, is, according to the Count, the persecution to which they are subjected by the Poles, whom he represents as all powerful in the government of Galicia. "Ever since 1340," he says, "a long and often blood-stained struggle has been kept up between the original inhabitants, standing firm in their defence of their Russian nationality and orthodox faith, and their Polish conquerors doing their utmost to Polonize and Romanize Carpato-Russia or Red Russia, as that part of ancient Russia is called." Of late, this writer assures the readers of the *Times*, a fresh outbreak of Polish bigotry has visited these oppressed Ruthenians. "The tolerant Austrian Constitution is trodden under foot, Russian schools, however private, are not allowed, Russian books are confiscated, and boys found reading a Russian author are expelled from the gymnasiums."

In matters religious their state is even worse. An ex-officer of Cavalry, a certain Count Shepstsitski, has been appointed Metropolitan of Galicia, and is doing all he can to Polonise and Romanise his Russian (that is, Ruthenian) flock, of which he has

proved himself to be not the shepherd but the wolf. The Uniat priests who remain faithful to the ancient Slavonic liturgy, so loved by the people, are being harshly persecuted; new customs and ceremonies, abhorred by the people, are being introduced, and celibacy is being forced on the clergy. Count Shepstsitski is completely under the Jesuits, who are now absolute masters of the Uniat Church; to them also has of late been given the training of future priests.

This shocking persecution, however, according to Count Bobrinsky, has had one good effect, for it has opened the eyes of hundreds of thousands of these Uniates, and made them see that "the only way to save their splendid Eastern liturgy and Church traditions is openly to sever the chain which by fraud and force has linked them to Rome and to the Jesuits." Accordingly a movement began in 1903 in the direction of a return to the Orthodox schism. Village after village since that date has declared itself to a man to be no longer Uniat but Orthodox, and this, though the effect has been that "men have been imprisoned and soldiers quartered on the villagers." "In Hungary there has been a similar movement which began somewhat earlier, when the Government began to substitute Magyar for Slavonic in the Church services. Whole villages since then have openly confessed the Orthodox faith, and have suffered terrible persecution in consequence."

Last year, Count Bobrinsky tells us, the movement entered on a new stage. A number of fervent young men, from Galicia and Eastern Hungary, went to Mount Athos and other Orthodox Churches in the East and obtained Holy Orders. Returning last year to their own land they settled down in different villages and wherever they did so the whole population at once abandoned the Unia (*i.e.* the Church in union with the Holy See) and placed themselves under the rule of these new pastors. Of course it meant persecution for the priests in question. In Hungary some of these have been imprisoned, and in Galicia all of them are, or were when the Count wrote his letter, in strict confinement. The people too when assembling for divine worship have been brutally scattered by the Polish police. "Come back to the Uniat Church," these say to them, "and we will trouble you no more." Such however is the firmness of these people that persecution has only made them the more resolved to have nothing more to do with the Unia.

This is the Count's indictment, dished up for the delectation of English bigots, of the present state of the Galician and Hungarian Uniates. But there have been Uniates in Rus-

sian as well as in Austrian Poland, and any who know how these have been treated by the Russian Government during the last hundred years can hardly read the Count's letter without a smile. Has he, they may well ask, had a fit of distraction, which has caused him to attribute to the Austrian, or as he calls it the Polish, Government of Galicia, the outrages of which the Russian Government has been guilty towards the Uniates of the same race who were forced to become its subjects by the various partitions of Poland? Certain it is that in successive stages this Government has offered to its Uniat subjects the alternative of apostasy or extermination. That it has sought to impose the exclusive use of the Russian language on these people, though serious enough in itself, is a small injustice by the side of the imprisonment, exile, and slaughter of so many of its clergy, and the driving of whole congregations into the schismatic churches by the whips of the Cossacks. And yet that all this persecution, which has now been going on for upwards of a hundred years, has failed to dislodge from the hearts of these Russian Ruthenians their attachment to Unia, was proved in a signal way in 1905 when Russia, under stress of the Japanese War, proclaimed religious liberty for a while, and these Uniates took advantage of the occasion to declare their constancy to the faith they were declared to have abandoned.

What, however, about this alleged movement in Galicia and Eastern Hungary? Few Englishmen are familiar with the conditions of these regions, separated as they are from the Western world more even by the character of their language than by their remoteness in space. But in the observations we have to make of Count Bobrinsky's letter, we are relying on a trustworthy source of information. Count Bobrinsky must know that in his account he has confused the issue altogether. The Poles are the predominant class in Galicia, but in Eastern Hungary they count for nothing. In this latter Province the Russian language is indeed proscribed, as are also the Polish, the German, and the Croatian, but the motive of proscription is not religious but political, and its authors are not Catholics but politicians, who are mostly Masonic or Jewish; nor since Russia, as has been said, does the same thing in Poland, has she any right to complain. That the Poles labour to enforce the Unia on the Ruthenians against their inclination is absurdly false. It would be truer to say that, much as the Poles detest the Russians, they are at one with them in the endeavour to destroy the Uniat Church. The Russians are anxious to destroy it, both in the interest of

their Panslavic policy and because they dislike to have the object-lesson of a Church retaining its oriental customs and yet holding communion with Rome set just at the other side of their frontier, so close to the eyes of their own subjects. Hence, just as in Russian Poland they have resorted to persecution for its suppression, so in Galicia they resort to promises and bribery, and for this purpose have many agents in the district, well supplied with gold. The Poles, on the other hand, though Catholics of the Latin rite, are also violent politicians, and in some serious respects subordinate their religion to their politics. It is still their national dream that the ancient Kingdom of Poland will be resuscitated, and will extend from the North Sea to the Caspian. But their dream is troubled by the presence of these Ruthenian Catholics of the Oriental rite who are very far indeed from wishing to become the subjects of such a future Polish Kingdom, and have a racial aspiration of their own quite incompatible with it; for they look rather to the Ukraine and to a return to the times when Kieff was the capital of Russia, and the Ruthenians, not the Muscovites, were the choice portion of the ancient sovereignty of St. Vladimir. Under these conditions the endeavour of the Galician Poles is either to Latinize the Uniates, so as to merge eventually their racial distinctness, or else to drive them back into schism on the old principle, still cherished, according to which the safety of Poland requires that there should be no Catholics east of Poland. As the Poles are the more wealthy and influential, they try this policy on their Ruthenian *employés*, but are hampered by the legislation of the Holy See, which, in its determination to protect the Uniat rites, has made it matter of excommunication for any Latin priest to receive a Uniat into the Latin rite. From this it may be seen how likely it is that the Polish police should be saying, as Count Bobrinsky makes them say, to any deserters from the Unia to Orthodoxy: "Come back to the Uniat Church and we will trouble you no more." And as for the schismatic clergy who for attempting to influence them have been all imprisoned, one would like to know how many these are. Two or three, perhaps.

The Ruthenians themselves are divided into two great parties. There are the Old Ruthenians, or Moscalophiles, who aspire to become Russian and are often animated by schismatic tendencies; and the Young Ruthenians, or Ukrainophiles, who aspire to a condition of autonomy under the general government of Austria-Hungary, or else, but in much fewer numbers, to absolute independence after the manner

of the Balkan States. The former are a moribund party, indeed, would have expired before this were it not that Russian agents keep it alive artificially, that they may represent it as embracing the whole Ruthenian population. But its real relation to the Young Ruthenian party may be judged from the fact that at the last elections the latter returned 28 deputies as against 2 of the Old Ruthenian party. The Young Ruthenians have in fact the promise of the future of their race, and this the more because, now that they are rapidly increasing in relative numbers and in wealth and education, they cannot be kept much longer out of their equal share with the Poles in political and other rights. They are also firm in their attachment to the Unia, and as for the movement towards schism of 1903 to which Count Bobrinsky refers, it was really a movement engineered by the Russian Government, but has left hardly any traces behind it. The firm faith of this people has been able to withstand both the pressure in front from the Russians and the pressure behind from the Poles.

Of Count Szepticki, or Shepstitski, the Uniat Metropolitan of Lemburg, Count Bobrinsky gives about as incorrect an account as was possible. This prelate is a splendid man who has done a splendid work. So far from doing all he can to Polonize and Latinize his flock, he is hateful to the Poles as being the great organizer and pacifier of the Ruthenians. He is an ardent Uniat, faithful to the Ruthenian nationality, to its Catholic faith, its Slavonic rite, and its ritual customs. It is mainly through his influence that the forces of the Young Ruthenian party have been concentrated and the Old Ruthenian party destroyed. Naturally the Russifiers dislike him intensely, and it is this which causes Count Bobrinsky to speak of him as he has done. As for his being completely under the control of the Jesuits, there are no relations at all between him and the Society, unless it be incidentally from time to time as might be with anyone else. Certainly the Jesuits have charge of no seminary belonging to the Ruthenians, nor do they preach and hear confessions among them. Some few of the Ruthenian Levites who have been sent for their studies to Innspruck or Rome may have had them for professors, but that is all the connection of the Society with the present-day movements in the Ruthenian part of Galicia. It may be judged then how far Count Bobrinsky can be taken as an accurate exponent of this phase of contemporary history.

N.

*Those of his own Household.*¹

MADAME CORENTINE.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE Marie-Anne, feeling nervous and anxious, had been watching the pot simmering over the fire, and the clay pans containing the dinner, which were wedged down as far as the handle into the fiery coals whose light illumined the fast-darkening room. Instead of sitting quietly thinking or sewing as her sister had advised, Marie-Anne had been on her feet ever since the morning, watching the weather from windows and door. Where was her husband in this storm? He must have left Bilbao quite six days ago. Why had there been no news of him? He would have sent word, surely, if he had reached the port of Bordeaux. He must still be on the high seas, sailing a hazardous course on a bad coast, in danger of shipwreck, with his four Lannion sailors, and the little cabin-boy from Ploumanac'h who had cried at starting. She could not imagine the weather being any different outside Bordeaux from what it was at Perros, and for the last hour the sea had been terrifying to behold. The bay was a mass of short choppy waves, and young green leaves were wrenched off the trees and whirled along in the blast. The water and the sky were both black as night, and empty of any sign of life. A few minutes before a tiny sailing vessel had passed, and the sight of it alone in the immensity had sent Marie-Anne back to the fire with a face as white as her collar.

The cart rattled into the little courtyard.

"Well, dearest," asked Madame Corentine, "have you had a letter?"

"Nothing! And he's been due nearly four days. . . . No letter!"

"You are over-tired," said her sister, looking at Marie-Anne's haggard face, and feeling her clammy hands. "Now

¹ Translated from the French of René Bazin, by L. M. Leggatt.

be a good girl, and try to keep calm. The letter will come . . . it's only delayed."

It was easy to tell her to keep calm; even old Guen could not understand why his son-in-law had not written.

"I can't make it out," he said, "he must have stayed in Spain."

He went to the door to look at the weather again, and came back gloomily shrugging his shoulders, while his eldest daughter went upstairs, saying she must take off her cloak and write a letter to Jersey to catch the post. But she had no letter to write, and did not take off her cloak. She stood behind the window-curtain, holding it back with one finger, and pressing her forehead against the glass, in the endeavour to recognize someone among the people returning from the "Pardon" and now crossing the jetty. She stood there in dumb anguish, wondering if he would pass the house. She knew now there would be no scene, no attempt to carry Simone off. He had seen his child, and had made no attempt to attract her attention; his step forward had been unconscious instinct. Corentine was obliged to admit to herself that he had behaved perfectly. He must have been sorely tempted to speak . . . what a sad, sad face. . . . What a life he must lead at Lannion! . . . as lonely as her own, and without the child . . . with nothing . . . It was strange that in leaving Jersey Corentine was so entirely absorbed in the one idea of keeping Simone, that she had barely given a thought to her own position. And if for one moment the idea of a possible meeting with L'Hérec could have occurred to her, her feelings of revenge and her longing for reprisals would have banished every other consideration. But now she felt some strange new agitation. In spite of all her efforts to preserve her proud indifference, it seemed harder to despise her husband now than when she was far away from him.

The pilgrims filed by in the fast-gathering darkness. Was he going to cross the jetty with the others without so much as a look at the old house? Perhaps he had already passed, in one of the vehicles rapidly driving away in the distance. What did he care? She kept telling herself that she would feel calmer when he had left Perros, and that it was only duty which kept her there watching over Simone. And all the time she knew that she was lying to herself. She stayed on, resting her burning forehead against the rattling window-pane.

Presently, through all her agitation, Corentine fancied she could distinguish the noise of a horse hurrying down the slope of Perros and slackening speed as it reached the harbour. She felt sure it was harnessed to his own trap. She drew back, leaving only a strip of the window bare, and recognized a cart with a blue tilt slowly driving round the other end of the little courtyard. It stopped for a second, and a rough, dark head leaned out and looked up at the two windows in turn; then, at a sharp lash of the whip, the horse trotted off in the direction of St. Quay.

Suddenly the tears rushed to her eyes at the sight of the dumb, self-contained sorrow which had paid a tribute to the memory of Simone, or of herself, perhaps. Her heart melted and she sobbed. She cowered down in the arm-chair, with her back to the window, feeling utterly wretched. Simone seemed no more than a toy, just important enough to take up her mother's time without filling her life. All the shams and conventionalities of her life broke down, her eyes were opened to the living lie of her existence, to the false fabric of happiness she had tried to raise. In a second all this was shattered, or rather, she saw in a flash it had never existed; her heart was empty, and she had lost what could never be replaced.

She remained in the same position, helplessly sobbing, without remorse and without any idea of retrieving the past, pitying her own unfortunate lot, and acknowledging the irony of such separations. Between her and the man who had just driven past the house lay a judicial decree, absence, public opinion, and the bitterness of wrongs constantly brooded over. They no longer loved each other. And yet at the mere sight of him she felt as forlorn and unhappy as she had done ten years before. Nothing had really altered.

"How wrong I was to leave St. Helier!" she said to herself.

"Maman!" called Simone, "Grandpapa is waiting dinner for you. You *must* have had a long letter to write!"

She rapidly sponged her eyes and went down.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Mme. L'Hérec came back into the room the others all thought she had been crying over the alarm about Sullian, and the father felt glad his two daughters were so united. He gave a look at Corentine to warn her that poor Marie-

Anne must not be over-alarmed, and in his eyes there was gratitude as well as warning. The candle set on the table-cloth lit up four anxious faces. Guen, who had talked so much all the way home, only answered his grand-daughter in monosyllables, when the girl tried to bring an element of cheerfulness into the lugubrious repast.

"Weren't those little boys with big collars from the training-ships?" she would ask, or, "Was the 'Pardon' at La Clarte a finer sight when you were young, Grandfather?"

But the thoughts of Grandfather and Marie-Anne were many miles away from the "Pardon" at La Clarte.

Madame Corentine could only think of the covered cart stopping in the little courtyard and rapidly driving off towards Lannion. But there were fugitive instants when the four people were at one. When a furious gust of wind, louder than the others, roared down the chimney, banged the shutters back to the walls, and pushed the massive door forward on its hinges, as if a man were coming in, the four would raise their heads simultaneously with a shuddering glance in the direction of the angry sea howling outside in the night. Each time it happened, the Captain moved his plate, or asked for wine to distract Marie-Anne's attention; his heart ached for his "little girl."

After dinner he lit his pipe, and, at his wit's end to disperse the gloom, took down from a nail in the wall a little ship he had once made himself as a model of his brig *Le Légué*. He sat down by the fire, his two daughters on his right, and Simone leaning against a chair, and began explaining the sails and the rigging to the travellers from Jersey. Marie-Anne knew it all by heart, and paid no attention. He had only got as far as the foresail-yard when three knocks were heard on the door. Guen called "Come in!" half thinking it was only the wind. All the sails of the toy ship rattled wildly. A very fat man opened the door just wide enough to slip through, and closed it, pressing both hands with all his might against the wood.

"Wish you all a very good evening!" he said. His face was heavy and stupid from extreme obesity, his smooth-shaven cheeks hung down over a small black moustache, and his tiny eyes looked out from under his close-cropped grey hair. His brown tweed suit drenched with rain, gave him the look of a swimming-instructor.

Guen and Marie-Anne had recognized the Syndic of the Maritime Trades Union, and were too taken aback to speak.

"There's a telegram from the Admiralty for you, Captain," he said, unbuttoning his coat with difficulty, and holding his drenched oilskin cap in one hand. He handed a paper to the Captain. Guen rose in such haste that the toy ship fell to the floor, smashing its masts. No one paid any attention to it. While he read he was seized with a tremor which he instantly suppressed, as he turned to Marie-Anne.

"It's bad news, children."

No one asked what the news was. Everyone knew. Marie-Anne, white as death and on the point of swooning, kept her eyes, the only living things in her face, fixed on her father's lips. He read the telegram.

"Topsail, longboat and deck-ladder of the Jeanne of Lannion washed ashore this evening." The coastguard from La Tremblade sent this message."

There was not a sound in the room.

The catastrophe had happened, the shipwreck which from one day to another threatens the Breton woman with widowhood. Marie-Anne had felt it coming for the past four-and-twenty hours. She closed her eyes, let herself fall against Corentine, who sat next to her, and broke into a fit of weeping. For more than a minute nothing was heard in the big room but the sound of her smothered sobs and the shrieking of the wind.

Simone had knelt down in front of her mother, and was gently stroking Marie-Anne's pale cheek.

"Don't cry so, Aunt Marie-Anne, perhaps the worst has not happened."

Mother and daughter, with streaming eyes, gazed alternately at Guen and the Syndic, as if to implore some word of hope or consolation from either of the men. But they were silent.

Guen, incapable of speech, was reading the telegram for the tenth time, his wrinkled face lined with suffering. He felt the mute appeal in the women's eyes, and made a great effort to appear calm.

"My little one, remember I have often been shipwrecked myself," he said.

"Marie-Anne, do listen to father!" begged Corentine, "don't grieve so terribly!"

"Bear up, Aunt Marie-Anne, listen to Grandfather!"

They looked up at old Guen, begging for some word that would console the prostrate creature supported between them.

"You know men do come back," continued the Captain, "and there is no mention of the ship itself. It was her first

journey, and she such a fine craft! Perhaps he coasted Spain, meaning to go to Bordeaux another way . . . there! . . . there!"

There came no answer to these soothing phrases, which were so difficult to invent and say. Marie-Anne continued to weep as if she did not hear him, and stubbornly buried her head in the folds of her sister's dress. One of the lappets of her cap hung crumpled round her neck like the broken wing of a bird.

Guen came near. Seldom demonstrative, he softly touched his daughter's shoulder and bent over her.

"My own little one," he said, close to her ear, "I swear to you that I still have hope. Come now, what is it that is torturing you so? The ladder washed away, that's it, isn't it? . . . But it was rotten, Sullian was always saying he must heave it overboard . . . Come now, you remember that, don't you?"

Sullian's name roused Marie-Anne. Still clinging to her sister with both hands, she gazed at her father with wide eyes and hair plastered to her forehead with perspiration, as if she had been violently roused from sleep.

"Yes," she said, "it's true, he did say so."

"As for the longboat, my dear," continued Guen, "you know that a heavy sea will carry away anything . . . And sometimes to lighten the weight of canvas a man will cut down the topsail . . ."

She gradually began to let herself be persuaded to hope, on these bare crumbs of comfort; but when she found that that was all he had to say, she threw her arms round her sister again.

"You can't deceive me," she said, "they're all dead."

And seeing that no one ventured to contradict her, she sobbed more desperately than before.

"Captain," broke in a gruff voice, "you're only just in time if you want to telegraph to-night."

They had all forgotten the Syndic.

"I'm coming!" cried Guen. ". . . Half past eight. . . . We could get an answer by ten. . . ."

He looked forlornly at the family group and went out with the other man.

"What do you think of the telegram?" asked the Captain directly they were alone. "Is it the worst?"

"I think so, Captain."

"But there's nothing in it about the ship."

"She must be sunk. The estuary by Bordeaux is a fear-

ful place, two out of every four wrecks happen there, as you know yourself, Captain."

"Yes, I do know it."

They spoke without showing emotion, as if discussing the misfortunes of an acquaintance. The storm was so violent that they could hardly hear each other speak. After walking a few steps on the jetty they turned into a narrow street of closed houses, standing silent in their gardens. Then Guen touched the Syndic's arm, with a hand that trembled more than his voice.

"It's hard, all the same," he said, ". . . a sailor like Sullian, and a ship on her first voyage . . . Do you really believe it's all up?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders, and gazed at the twisted remains of climbing creepers which blew like black vapour in the wind, round the crest of a wall.

"Look here, Captain Guen," he said, disregarding the imploring note in the other's voice, "I have to go to Ploumanac'h to tell the news to old Mother Le Dû, whose son was cabin-boy on *La Jeanne*. I'm in no hurry, as you may guess; I can wait outside the post-office till ten. If any answer comes you shall have it directly. If you don't see me, you will know nothing more has been heard."

The Captain nodded in sign of acquiescence. He was grateful, and the Syndic was deeply moved, but neither would show their feelings; seafaring folk understand each other.

They entered the low-roofed house perched sideways on the cliff road. The huge mouth of the pillar-box was surrounded by tufts of fuschias.

At the same moment Marie-Anne, who had grown calmer and was listening to her sister's reassuring words, suddenly seized Corentine's hand and wrung it hard.

"What is it, darling? Are you ill?"

"It's nothing," answered Marie-Anne. But presently the pain returned, and Marie-Anne understood. She leaned towards her sister.

"Corentine," she whispered, her eyes wide with fear, "my baby will be born to-night."

CHAPTER IX.

When Guen returned the ground-floor room was empty. Marie-Anne was walking up and down her room with clenched teeth. She did not look at her sister, who had carried the cradle into a corner and was hastily covering it

with the regulation white dimity; nor at an old woman who was half asleep and doubled up, with her hands outstretched on her knees, prepared to sit up for the night. Every now and then Marie-Anne would stop, while beads of moisture broke out on her forehead, but she uttered no complaint, and continued tramping heavily up and down the creaking boards. Guen sat outside the door. He told them the telegram was gone, and the Syndic would let them know if there was any answer.

So the time dragged wearily along, marked only by the rusty tick of the alarm-clock on the chimney-piece. Often the young woman would glance furtively at the dial, no bigger than her fist, on which the last moments of her hope were ebbing away. Only one more hour. Only three-quarters now. Only twenty minutes. Oh! when ten struck there would be no more news of the dying or dead, no more chance of any; the post-office would have closed. She could think of nothing else. The wife of Sullian Lageat forgot her own sufferings in the all-absorbing suspense. All her heart went out to the one thought: "Will the telegram come?—What will the answer be?—Yes, the ladder was rotten. Yes, long-boats do fall into the sea. Yes, foresail masts and yard-arms are often thrown overboard. But . . . what ominous signs! Only a telegram could clear up the mystery. Will it come? . . . What will it be?"

This went on indefinitely, interrupted only by despairing bursts of thwarted love. The love of betrothal and early wedded days was still fresh, and stifling sobs of regret rose in Marie-Anne's throat. Oh, poor young wife, will the best-beloved never return? Are love and happiness gone for ever? Will his arms never open again with a smile of joy to receive her? . . . "Oh, Sullian, my Sullian!" . . . Then she would stop and pray God to have mercy on her. At such moments Corentine would ask her if she felt worse, and the answer was always no.

Corentine was thinking too. Simone had been sent in to a neighbour, and her mother felt less constrained without her. While the father was going over the course of the Gironde for the hundredth time in his head, she reflected that Marie-Anne, by some fresh irony of fate, was teaching her strange lessons. She envied the wife's tears and her longing for her husband, while another woman had flown from hers, and hated him. Corentine asked herself if at any time her husband's disappearance would have affected her like this. A voice within

troubled her saying, "Yes, you would have suffered just as much. You loved him passionately, and you were once as happy as she was."

The old nurse went on falling asleep and waking by fits and starts; when her chest touched her knees she drew herself up.

The windows rattled, the wind howled round the house like voices shrieking in the storm, but through all could be heard the pendulum of the little clock. The attention of both women was riveted on the few seconds still to elapse; the tempest mattered little now, he had either escaped or was dead. The wind might blow, they no longer heard it. They were waiting.

When the clock hand touched ten, the alarm did not go off, only a sound of a broken spring was heard inside the little brass box.

Everyone shuddered. Corentine rose to her feet, old Guen looked bewildered, Marie-Anne, deadly white, closed her eyes, and holding on to the mantelpiece, dropped her head on her hands. Then she sank on her knees, and her sister and the nurse raised her.

"Come to bed, Marie-Anne," said Corentine, "you are worn out."

She let them undress her in listless indifference, while the Captain felt his way downstairs, half bemused with grief, and threw wide the door in a last hope of seeing the long-expected Sullian come in.

There was nothing outside but the raging sea beneath clouds which raced across the moon.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

What is Truth?

ACCORDING to Lord Bacon, Pilate when he asked this question spoke "jestingly," and it must be owned that many who have since repeated it have exhibited no such seriousness as the matter might seem to demand.

A conspicuous instance was furnished in the well-known passage of arms which ultimately produced the famous *Apologia*. Reviewing Mr. Froude's *History* in *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Kingsley had written:

Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

When this came to his knowledge, Newman promptly wrote to Messrs. Macmillan, saying that while he deemed it useless to address the writer who had penned, or the editor who had admitted, such a statement, he wished to call their attention as gentlemen to "a grave and gratuitous slander," with which they would doubtless not wish to see a name connected so respectable as theirs.

Hereupon Mr. Kingsley, acknowledging the article to be his, presently replied undertaking to substantiate the charge he had made, but in the considerable literature which he produced there is nothing to be found which can be held in any way to fulfil the undertaking. He confined himself to various pleas which as he maintained justified the assertion that Newman himself, and other Catholics professed lax notions on the subject of truthfulness. The nearest approach to such a proof as his opponent required being a sermon

preached by the future Cardinal when he was not yet a Catholic, and consequently could not be taken as a witness for the Roman clergy. For the rest, there was only the assumption, that the whole purpose of St. Alfonso—strangely cited as St. Alfonso *da* Liguori—and that of casuists in general, is to instruct men how to evade all laws of morality and honesty, making it impossible to attach any value to such assurances as his disciples may offer. Those who remember the circumstances are well aware that Kingsley's defence was rightly considered on all hands to be quite wide of the mark, and that he was declared by the common voice of the world to have utterly failed to make good the categorical assertion he had originally volunteered.

This might seem obvious enough. It appears nevertheless that there still remain some who are satisfied with a different conclusion, and amongst these is to be found no less a person than Professor Huxley, who certainly professed no less unqualified a regard for truth than Kingsley himself. Writing to Sir Joseph Hooker, May 30, 1889, the professor thus expressed himself with regard to Newman,¹ "That man is the slipperiest sophist I have ever met with. Kingsley was entirely right about him." How such a verdict is consistent with the notorious facts of the case, who shall attempt to explain? There is moreover another circumstance which has received less attention than it seems to merit.

It was, as has been said, in a review of Froude's *History* that Kingsley made the statement which called forth Newman's protest. But in his first notice of the same work Mr. Froude had occasion to relate the story of Anthony Dalaher, a young Oxford student, who in 1528, while it was still dangerous to profess Protestantism, had attracted the attention of the University authorities by showing his sympathy with the new religion. Being therefore examined by them as to his conduct, he, as we learn from himself, told them a plain falsehood, hoping to put them off the scent: "This tale I thought the meetest, though it were nothing so."

His behaviour having been censured by Dr. Maitland as exhibiting an indifferent appreciation of the virtue of veracity, Mr. Froude sets himself to defend it. "It seems obvious (he writes) that a falsehood of this kind is something different in kind from what we commonly mean by unveracity," and he proceeds to argue that the danger which threatened himself and his friends was quite sufficient to justify Dalaher's con-

¹ *Life and Letters*, ii. 226.

duct. The volume relating this episode was noticed by Mr. Kingsley,¹ who, it might perhaps be thought, would be moved to conclude that, according to Froude, truth for its own sake, is not and on the whole ought not to be, a virtue with Protestant martyrs. But instead of this he singles out Mr. Froude's treatment of the case for special commendation, styling his "little true romance" a "gem of writing." Once again, What is Truth?

J.G.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

Canon Henson, preaching at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Easter Sunday, said (according to the *Times* of April 8th), that St. Paul has stated very strongly the vital importance of Christ's Resurrection. It alone, he says, gives substance to Christian preaching and reality to Christian faith. Life on earth is emptied of meaning and death is stripped of hope if the Lord has not been raised from the dead. "Admirable," we exclaimed: "Saul also is among the prophets." We meant the Canon, not the Apostle. Perhaps naïvely, for the Canon was but giving Paul's argument, and proceeds to explain him. Such a Resurrection must be a "spiritual fact of manifest and continuing power." So, indeed, the Church, in theology and liturgy, assumes and declares it to be. "A presence authenticating itself by tokens that could not be mistaken or resisted." So, too, say the *Acts*. The "central truth," guaranteed by "the fact of Christ's Resurrection," *i.e.*, that He, having died, "has returned to His Church in the fulness of personal life, never more to leave it, but from one age to another, and in every believer's personal experience, to make His Real Presence known by many 'infallible proofs.'" And in the personal victory of Christian lives, to which each man is called and helped, individual Resurrections are already begun.—But quite excellent!—Yet, alas, there has been a change in "Christian views" of the manner of Christ's Resurrection, dependent on a change of view regarding the future life. We, with St. Paul, believe that the "body," *but not the flesh*, shall share the spirit's deathlessness. Hence it is a "crude apologetic" which "fights desperately for the literal truth of every detail of the Evangelical tradition." Indeed, that "symbolism" apparently may be harmful. Provided it does not "obscure the supreme spiritual truth, Christ

¹ *North British Review*, No. 51.

in you, the hope of glory," so only is it " precious and helpful." "Evidently" then, what St. Paul meant "could" have been no " mere resuscitation of the Lord's body." The "vital fact" is that Christ "appeared"; not " the empty tomb nor a physical resuscitation," which would have been but a "barren marvel." A "merely physical Resurrection," whether for Christ or for us, is a "crude notion." Paul "argues energetically against it." Whatever his "view of the historical circumstances in which the Resurrection of Jesus was effected," his doctrine "attaches no importance to the 'empty tomb,' and definitely disallows the theory on which alone the 'empty tomb' can have any vital relation to Christian faith."

Is not this language either disingenuous, masking a conviction that the tomb was really not empty, and that Christ's ashes still lie "far hence," "in the lorn Syrian town," —and on this alternative we will not dwell—or, the vehicle of a truism? Who ever thought, or taught, that the physical and material incidents and setting of Christ's life were the full content of the Gospel, the main message, the climax, the summing up, the total effect of what the Incarnation meant, brought, or intended? The *facts* of the Virgin Birth, Calvary, the empty tomb, Olivet, *if we stop there*, are obviously sterile and portentous. But nobody ever supposed we were not to proceed to their spiritual analogates and effects. Of course, the Christian too must die, and already can, and shall, rise again, thanks to Christ's merited grace which is the root of glory. No one could be "orthodox" who thought otherwise. This is the oldest of old teaching. Yet if this be true, we have not the least right, for that, to speak half slightlying of the material concomitants of the spiritual fact. "Mere," "merely," are words which have become exasperating owing to their false implications. They throw scorn on what they qualify. They should here be utterly excluded. The point surely is, that the Incarnation is at once so divine and so human, that its assertions are valid on every level of existence. It is no "mere" historical *datum* that Jesus of Nazareth was Son of God; still less, perhaps, is it a "mere" moral or spiritual truth. The Resurrection is neither "merely" physical, nor "merely" moral, nor "merely" mystical. It is true throughout. So for the whole scheme of the Incarnation. It is far too rich, *too* true, to be confined to one plane of truth. We may quarrel with those who declare the Fourth Gospel to be "mere" symbolism, as with those who label it

"mere" history. It is both, and more. The physical, material level is not contemptible; what is true in it, is not to be sneered at for being there.¹ We live partly on that plane; and there shall our Religion partly be. God anthropomorphizes. The empty tomb is no "mere" crude fact denoting "mere resuscitation." It *is* a fact, connoting the physical, moral, and spiritual Resurrections. Thus all nature becomes sacramental. The Church herself is the supreme, all-inclusive Sacrament, being the mystical yet visible Plenitude of Christ's Self, who is the Mystery of God. If the value, supreme as a climax, attaching to the spiritual truth, tends to depreciate, or ultimately deny, the value of the historical, material truth, we have a Gnosticism based, really, on a Manichean dualism.

Now from the beginning there have only been two root-heresies: Gnosticism and Manicheism, and these two, perhaps, are one.

N. K.

Cuttle-Fish Tactics.

The Rev. T. A. Lacey, with the professed intention of clarifying people's ideas, has lately attempted to define some common notions, which, as he suggests, are generally misinterpreted and therefore misapplied.² He takes three terms—Protestant, Private Judgment, Church of England—and sets out to correct their commonly-accepted meanings. What he actually succeeds in doing is to tell us what definitions best suit the peculiar system of belief professed by himself and certain other members of a certain party in the English Church. Now, as we have often pointed out before, the man who wrests ordinary phraseology from its ordinary sense in favour of some prepossessions of his own, does no service to rational discussion. As it happens, the meaning of the above three terms is quite definite enough for all reasonable purposes. They cause no ambiguity in speech or writing. To take them in order—whatever it meant originally and however its meaning has varied locally, the word Protestant now stands for a member of one of those Christian communities

¹ Need we say that we do not dream of saying that Canon Henson personally is contemning, throwing scorn on, or sneering at anything whatsoever? His sermon on the loss of the *Titanic* shows how noble can be his thought. Our remarks are quite general.

² "Some Definitions," *The Church Times*, April 19, 1912.

in the West which are not in communion with the Church, Catholic and Roman. The chief connotation of the word now, as always in the past, is—opposition to Rome, and it applies to all parties in the Established Church just as well as to every species of Dissenter. Mr. Lacey, with his eye on Mr. Kensit and Sir Edward Clarke, professes to think that the word has latterly come to be confined specifically to such as they, but in truth it has never lost its primary sense. Protestant and Catholic have always formed a true antithesis.

In regard to the next term—Private Judgment—we have often wondered how so clever and so sincere a man as Mr. Lacey can be content to juggle with this phrase, as he is in the habit of doing. His aim is to show that Catholicism, no less than Protestantism, is based upon Private Judgment, and he is never tired of reiterating the statement.¹ Of course, all that it comes to is that Catholics, like Protestants, must acquire whatever they know by the employment of their reasoning faculties on the data presented to them. In other words, we do not get our knowledge, like the angels, by direct intuition. But Mr. Lacey does not seem to realize that this is not and never was the sense in which the Catholic Church opposes the system of Private Judgment. She recognizes to the full the rights of reason and its necessity as a medium for arriving at truth. But there is a definite limit, in the Catholic system, to the lawful use of individual reasoning or Private Judgment. It must not be made the measure of all truth, nor the basis of our acceptance of the facts of revelation. Even if some of those facts, like the Existence and Attributes of God, are also ascertainable by natural reason, our faith in them, which is a supernatural act, is not motived by their reasonableness. It is one thing, as we have elsewhere remarked,² to recognize the reasonableness of belief and another to believe *only* on account of that reasonableness. The true antithesis to private judgment is not, as Mr. Lacey says it is, public judgment, the official declaration of the law by a judge, but Authority, *i.e.*, the right of a living superior to say what men shall believe. And this is the principle which, as has been pointed out by Catholics with patient persistence for three centuries and a half, differentiates the Catholic Church from all the other forms of Christianity which

¹ See, for instance, the *Church Times*, April 16, and July 23, 1909; *THE MONTH*, February, 1911.

² See "Loyalty to the Church," *THE MONTH*, October, 1910, where the whole question is discussed at greater length.

had their origin at the Reformation. There is only one such living superior existent in the world at this moment—the Church whose Supreme Head occupies the See of Rome—there never has been more than one nor any other than this. Catholics, assisted by the gift of Faith, hold their religious belief ultimately on the witness of the Church and are ruled in religious matters by her authority. And it is the Church *now existing* that thus witnesses and rules, not the Church in the past which can speak only by dead records. When Mr. Lacey can point to a living authority on the strength of whose teaching he holds his Christian faith, and to whose interpretation of that faith he is prepared unreservedly to submit, we shall gladly allow that he understands and observes the real limits of the principle of Private Judgment.

In his third definition Mr. Lacey darkens counsel even more. "What is the Church of England?" he asks, and answers, "I should say that the Church of England is the sum-total of all Christians living in England." Now why *should* he say that, when everybody knows that the Church of England is merely that body amongst us which represents the Church set up in England at the Reformation?—the Church which then definitely rejected the Pope's supremacy? What right has Mr. Lacey to try to alter the meaning of a term so clear and so thoroughly consecrated by time? Who, we may even ask, besides himself, would ever think of giving such a new meaning to the term? There is only one body of Christians in this realm which is legally known as the Church of England: it is a term perfectly well understood in Parliament, the Law Courts, the newspapers, the street—why does Mr. Lacey run his head against a brick-wall of such solidity? Why does he repeat his silly suggestion that, properly speaking, Cardinal Bourne is a member of the Church of England? And why, before filling a column of the *Church Times* with ingenious philological speculations as to the "extension" of this term, and those other cognates "Anglican" and "Anglicanism," did he not refresh his memory by a reperusal of "A.F.'s" comments on some similar exercises of his in the same journal some sixteen months ago?¹ Had he done so, he would have surely hesitated before exposing himself for the second time to the shafts of such merciless ridicule.

J. K.

¹ Printed in the *Tablet*, December 17, 1910, under the title "L'Anglican malgré Lui."

Mr. Bagot's Italian Juggernaut.

The note which appeared in our March number under the heading "Mythology in the Making," has led Mr. Richard Bagot to address to THE MONTH a long and discursive letter of protest. As the greater part of the document is quite irrelevant to the only matter in Mr. Bagot's volume upon which we offered any comment, and as it is of the nature of a laudatory advertisement of the book itself, the Editor of THE MONTH recognizes no obligation to print the letter here. But the remarks which do have some bearing on the question of fact raised in our note are for more than one reason, worthy of attention, and shall be given entire.

I wish to state [writes Mr. Bagot] that before mentioning the fact under discussion [*i.e.*, the alleged immolation of twenty infants] in *My Italian Year*, I consulted a very well-known Italian historian and antiquarian as to its authenticity. I was assured by him that the episode had undoubtedly occurred;¹ and that although it was immediately afterwards attributed to a deplorable accident, there existed grave reasons to suppose that it was not so—since similar accidents had taken place under the same circumstances at that particular period in Spain and elsewhere.² If, therefore, I have fallen into error, I shall very gladly admit that I have done so, and I shall ask you to allow me to make that admittance (*sic*) in your pages. I am taking steps to investigate the matter more fully, but some little time must elapse before the researches necessary to substantiate the truth or error of my statement can be completed.

This is all very handsome of Mr. Bagot, but he must pardon us for saying that these handsome promises come a little late, and in any case promises are neither expensive nor irrevocable. Handsome is as handsome does, and with regard to what Mr. Bagot has actually done, as distinguished from what after confutation he now promises to do, we have these plain facts.

(1) Knowing that the burning of the children was ascribed immediately after the event to a deplorable accident, Mr. Bagot nevertheless asserted that twenty infants (*sic*) were purposely thrown into the flames "for the edification of the faithful." Moreover, he represented this atrocity as an

¹ Of course the episode occurred. The poor children were undeniably burned to death. Nobody disputes the fact for a moment. The question is whether they were burned by accident or were "thrown into the flames," as Mr. Bagot alleges.

² No references are given for this assertion. We are not told who, when, where, how, or why.

absolutely certain fact, and when challenged in the *Eye-Witness* of last November defended it hotly without mitigation of any kind. It is only now when he is confronted with the positive statement of O. Brentari in the most authoritative work on Bassano, that he tells us that he knew all along that the burning had been described as an accident.

(2) The sole verifiable authority which in all these five months Mr. Bagot has been able to produce for his statement, is the book of a Protestant Englishman, Mr. W. Beauclerk. The Cavaliere Lampertico was vaguely cited, but without any reference which would enable us to check his testimony. This reference has apparently not even yet been found. And now we are told of a historian and antiquary who was consulted. Nothing was said of him before, and as Mr. Bagot very prudently abstains from naming him, further investigation is still impossible.

(3) Not the least suggestion has been offered as to any intelligible purpose which could be served by the cruel sacrifice of twenty infants. Why should innocent children who have never come to the use of reason be burned in the "Car of Purgatory"? The mentality of our correspondent is apparently such, that he considers that by breathing the one word *fanaticism* everything is explained.

Finally, to assist Mr. Bagot in his researches, we venture to present him with another extract which seems to us even more conclusive than the statement in Brentari's *Storia di Bassano*, to which we previously referred. It is contained in a little work called *Nuova Raccolta d'Opuscoli scientifici e filologici*, vol. xxx. Venice, 1776. (As the book is a little difficult to find, we add the British Museum pressmark, viz., 247 a. 29). In this are printed some notes upon the literary men of Bassano, and mention is made of a manuscript volume of poems by Antonio Ambrosi, of which we are told:

Near the end may be read certain *stanze lagrimevoli*, which describe the terrible casualties (*gli accidenti funesti*) which resulted from the taking fire of the great car representing the Four Last Things, on Corpus Christi day, June 11th, 1705. In this, sixteen children (*fanciulli*) were burned to death, and more than thirty others were seriously injured (pp. 10—11).

It can hardly be necessary to point out that if the children had been deliberately thrown into the flames as a human sacrifice, there would not have been more than thirty other people, not burned to death, but "seriously injured." Such a list of casualties is proof positive that the burning was an accident and wholly without intention.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**The Disendowment
of the Anglican
Church in Wales.**

THE question as to whether or not regard for justice and zeal for the faith allow Catholics to approve of the pre-Reformation funds of the Anglican Church in Wales, supposing it to be disestablished, being confiscated and applied by the State to secular purposes, continues to interest many minds, as may be seen from correspondence in the *Tablet*. It is not very easy to view the matter as a whole, and widely-different estimates of the value to true religion of the Anglican Church appear to be prevalent, so it is not surprising that very different opinions are expressed. As regards disestablishment, there is, we fancy, no dispute: what the State has made, the State may unmake. Does disendowment stand on a different footing? In this regard, as was pointed out in our March issue, the State is proceeding on the assumption that what it has given it may take away. If the Anglican Church in Wales is identical with the Catholic Church that flourished there when the bulk of its endowments accrued to it, the State's assumption is false, for those endowments are in that case held on their original title. If the Anglican Church is not the same Church as received those endowments, then its title, such as it is, depends on the State which, equivalently, made them over to it. However it might be were the Church of Christ concerned (in regard to which what it receives becomes God's property and is inalienable save by Church authority), Catholics can find no injustice in this view of the State's, *except that those Church endowments were never in its right to give*. The State, by compelling the breach with Rome, robbed the Catholic Church in this land and gave the spoils, some of them, to the Establishment set up in its place: now, be it said with all respect, the descendants of the thief proposes to rob the descendants of the receiver. How then should the descendants of the original owners regard the transaction? The endowments given in Catholic times are not being used for the purpose for which they were intended, indeed, so far as the Anglican Church teaches heresy, and in particular, opposes the claims of the one Church of Christ, they are being used for purposes directly the reverse. But at the same time, these funds have still, in common estimation, a religious character. The Catholic Church *de facto* makes no claim for them, nor, were it in power in this land to-morrow, would it dispossess their present holders. On the other hand, it cannot admit the claim of the State to dispose of what are held to be religious endowments for its own purposes. The case of the disendowment of the Irish Church is not quite parallel. Although the property in

this instance also was largely Catholic in origin, State interference was in the direction of restoring it to its former purposes. But in the present case the principle that the civil power can divert religious donations to secular uses is being advanced, and it is worth while considering whither support of this principle will lead us. It may be that Cæsar in this case is persuaded that he is dealing with his own, and certainly the funds in question belong just as much to the State as to the Establishment (for they belong to neither), but interference with trust-deeds, whether religious or educational, is a dangerous practice to encourage.

St. Januarius
and the
French General.

The writer of reminiscences generally reveals more than he intends. It takes a consummate artist thoroughly to conceal character and personality. Education, tastes, ideals are manifested as much by what is omitted as by what is expressed. We are not concerned here with the revelation of personal character made by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus in his recent *Reminiscences of a Court Painter*. One does indeed get the impression that a man can be a Court Painter without acquiring in any marked degree courtly manners or even such a modicum of charitable reticence as makes social intercourse frank and pleasant. Mr. Thaddeus, in his descriptions of people whom he has met, is guilty of many lapses of good taste, of which he is seemingly unconscious. This is an indication of character and breeding: his educational defects are shown by his indiscriminating use of whatever hearsay gossip, ancient or modern, serves to add a zest, not always quite edifying, to his trivial pages. His comments on ecclesiastical persons and affairs are often ill-natured and ignorant, but never more so than when he comes to talk about what he impudently styles "the yearly farce" of the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood at Naples. In reference to this he relates the old legend of the French general, by whose command and under the menace of whose guns, the miracle was once performed by the reluctant clergy. Of course, Mr. Thaddeus gives no authority for this ancient myth, which he has probably picked up from some anti-Catholic guide-book, but it is interesting to note, as showing the longevity of such fictions, that this particular fable gave occasion to a lengthy refutation in one of the early numbers of this periodical.¹ It had at that time lately appeared in the issue of the *Guardian* for May 10, 1865, and was still in its vague and indeterminate youth, for the writer in the *Guardian* said that the French General stopped the occurrence of the miracle. Father Coleridge, who wrote the refutation, succeeded in tracing the legend to its source, which happens to be a novel of Dumas, called *Le Corricolo*, full of entertaining gossip about Naples.

¹ See "A Myth of Modern Days," *THE MONTH*, July, 1865.

Thus we see, by-the-way, that the historical methods of that more modern myth-maker, Dr. Angelo Rappoport, have been long ago anticipated. Father Coleridge was able to show that the French general mentioned by Dumas was not in Naples at the time of the exposure of the relic, and that when he was in the town, far from acting in the manner described by Mr. Thaddeus, he paid a visit in state with his staff to the shrine in order to venerate its contents. Our Court Painter is clearly not "out for" strict accuracy in this his "maiden effort," but rather for material, more or less interesting, to fill his allotted number of pages; otherwise he might easily have ascertained that the charge of fraud against the Neapolitan clergy in this matter, which would involve the condemnation of many hundreds of holy and learned men, is now-a-days given up by all candid opponents. And if the Borgia apartments of the Vatican necessarily recalled the name of Alexander VI., it was not necessary, except on the above hypothesis, for Mr. Thaddeus to copy out the records of contemporary scandal-mongers as specimens of what "filled his thoughts" when he entered them.

**A League
in
Intolerance.**

Chains suggest bondage, and so *The Link* is an appropriate name for a little magazine conducted in the interests of a number of people —some of them no doubt well-meaning, but all of them blinded with prejudice—who would interfere with the liberty of their fellow-subjects living in convents, and who strangely miscall themselves "The League of Freedom." Dr. Robert Horton, of Hampstead, who some time ago was compelled to apologize (after his peculiar fashion) for a libellous leaflet about convents,¹ but who, equally characteristically, allows the libel still to circulate, is prominent amongst the members of this bigoted band, and, to judge by the literature they sanction, a plentiful share of his spirit has been bestowed on the rest. Some forty years ago, Cardinal Manning described this type in words which retain all their force to-day:

The whole literature of countries that are not Catholic is full of all manner of tales, calumnies, slanders, fables, fictions, absurdities, on the subject of monks and nuns. Now, why should men trouble themselves so much about it? Why cannot they leave peaceful people to use their own liberty? No man or woman is compelled to be monk or nun; and if by perversion of light, if by idiotcy, as the world calls it, any should be found who desire to live the life of monk or nun, why should public opinion trouble itself so much about the matter? . . . Because it is a life of perfection; because it is a life which is a rebuke to the world,

¹ See "Dr. Horton Apologizes!" *THE MONTH*, Dec. 1908; "False Testimony, Rash Judgment and Lies," *ibid.*, March, 1909.

a direct and diametrical contradiction of the axioms and maxims by which the world governs itself. The world is therefore conscious of the rebuke, and uneasy under that consciousness.¹

Our friends at Hampstead may deprecate the hidden motive for their action here suggested, although their approval of the anti-Christian Government of France lends verisimilitude to the suggestion. But we should like to offer this one point to their candid consideration. If they know so much about the abuses that exist in convents, surely the Catholic authorities and Catholics generally know at least as much. Therefore, their whole attitude is a practical condemnation of Catholics, particularly of ecclesiastical superiors, as conscious abettors of horrible injustice and cruelty. Let them ask themselves if the Catholics they know and if the holy persons they read about, revered even by the world, could be so warped in conscience and so unblushing in hypocrisy as to connive at abuses of the sort. Should they, after weighing this thought carefully, persist in supporting the contentions of *The Link*, then, we fear, they are beyond the reach of argument.

We may assure the compilers of this sorry production about an easily ascertained fact to which bigotry has strangely blinded them, viz., that in the matter of registering death and its causes, convents are under exactly the same legal regulations as other institutions in the country. Thus one of the three planks of their platform should be removed: they will be well advised to consult their reputation for sanity and ordinary Christian charity by knocking down the other two.

**That good
man, Stead!**

It is in no spirit of irony that we quote Cardinal Manning's phrase in regard to one of the most notable of the victims of the *Titanic* disaster. W. T. Stead, in spite of all his per-
versities, did much for public morality, and not a little for the Church, during his strenuous journalistic career. Although in later years, especially after he had come under the influence of the mind-weakening, will-sapping practice of spiritualism, he lost much of his enthusiasm for the great spectacle of the Catholic Church and fell to some extent into the views of his early Protestantism, still his keen eye for the real meaning of things and his power of rapid and always readable writing has had a great effect in awakening Protestant England to the glory and strength of the Papacy. Considering the rock whence he was hewn, he had a wonderfully receptive mind, indeed, its capacity grew so great that he lost to some extent his Christian standards of judgment, and every new fad, every fresh heresy, every interesting quack, every *soi-disant* victim of oppression, could victimize his credu-

¹ *The Four Great Evils of the Day*, iv. "The Spirit of Antichrist," pp. 121—2.

lity. He will be best remembered as a prince of journalists—a pioneer in this art as Russell was in the business of a war-correspondent, but the characteristic faults of journalism beset him to the end. In the current (April) issue of the *Review of Reviews*, for instance, we find the typical hasty generalization from something imperfectly remembered that marks and mars the "press" style. "We know [he writes] that it was a long time before the Fathers of the Christian Church could be convinced that women had souls." This, of course, is another version of our old friend the Council of Mâcon, so frequently shown up¹—a distortion, which is in itself incredible, of a single historical fact, extended so as to affect all early Christianity.

St. Expeditus
and
Mr. St. John Lucas. Mr. St. John Lucas writes with such grace and such humour, such appreciation of goodness and generally such correct taste, that one may read his burlesque saints' Lives in his recent book,² without much offence and even with a good deal of amusement. But the first of his sketches deals with a legend which, because it is accepted as fact by a good many people, and is constantly used to discredit the Catholic practice of venerating the relics of the Saints, calls for a few words of refutation. There is no evidence that Mr. Lucas himself believes the story, the details of which he freely alters and embellishes to add point to his narrative, and, further, in his hands, it is free from the vulgar anti-clerical purpose which makes the fable recounted by Mr. Thaddeus so objectionable. The gist of the story is that a packet containing relics was forwarded from Rome to some nuns who, not knowing whose relics they were, took the Italian postal endorsement *È Spedito* for the saint's name, and forthwith started a cultus of "St. Expeditus." Hence we have the gibe—"Canonized by the Post Office." As was explained in this journal many years ago,³ there is no foundation at all for the story: St. Expeditus was a real, if rather obscure, personage, and his cultus is shown by authentic documents to have existed in Italy, as *patronus negotiorum et expeditionum* at least a century before the supposed coining of his name. We may freely grant that he was chosen as "patron of despatches" because of the suggestion of his name; the latter, in fact, giving birth to the story, not the story to the name; but there is nothing more legendary about him than that. It is likely that Mr. Lucas's delicate and humorous handling will give fresh currency to this fable, so it may be well once more to recall the facts.

¹ See, e.g., *THE MONTH*, January, 1911.

² *Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People*, Blackwood.

³ *THE MONTH*, November, 1906, Saint "È Spedito."

**False Theories
of
Education.**

It is a singular thing that whilst teachers, whose speciality is mathematics or science or classics or music, raise no objection because posts outside their own subject are closed to them, those who have no special religious qualifications should complain because they are not admitted to positions where a knowledge of that particular subject is essential. It is characteristic of the confusion which an inadequate conception of the meaning of education has created in the non-Catholic mind that this complaint was loudly voiced by Mr. Bentliff, the President of the National Union of Teachers, at their annual conference. If religion enters into education, then clearly teachers must be capable of teaching it; and if religion is something quite clear and definite, formulated in a number of concrete propositions, then a knowledge and acceptance of those dogmas is part of the equipment of an efficient religious teacher. The root-fallacy which vitiates the reasoning of Mr. Bentliff and his like is that the teacher is a civil servant pure and simple, an employee of the State alone. Hence they argue there should be no discrimination between those who possess similar secular qualifications, which is all the State looks to. But teachers are not purely civil servants: they stand to their charges *in loco parentum*: if those parents' circumstances allowed it, they would be chosen in accordance with their religious qualifications: the State, acting for the parents, must in justice act as the latter would act. The State has rights, of course, in this matter of education, and so have the teachers: but the parents and children have rights as well, rights which concern the soul and the life to come, and which, therefore, are paramount. The education question will never be settled if these latter rights are ignored.

**A New Principle
in
Economics.**

Many social workers and students will have followed with interest and sympathy Prior McNabb's careful discussion of the Housing Problem in the *Catholic Times* for April 5th, 12th, and 19th. The learned Dominican states in clear and vigorous language the nature of the evil and the character of the remedies which justice and humanity would suggest. Based as his doctrine is on Pope Leo's teaching, it will be sure to meet with general and cordial assent, but there is one new point which the Prior thinks is logically involved in the papal teaching, but which has hitherto not been recognized by Catholic economists. The Pope, as we know, pronounces for the Living Wage as a matter of justice. In normal circumstances the worker should receive such compensation for his work as will maintain him in "frugal comfort," according to his state, and the provision of this compensation should be the first charge upon the industry. Now, a Living Wage is determined by the

cost of living, and that in turn depends on the prices of the necessities of life, *sc.*, food, clothing and shelter. The Prior argues that, if the rent paid for housing is unfair, the living wage is rendered nugatory, and, therefore, justice demands that not more than a certain proportion of wages should be exacted for housing, which proportion he calls the "Maximum Rent." In other words, if we understand him rightly, he would determine the fairness of rent, not so much by the accommodation afforded as by the wages of the tenant. This we think is a novel principle—and if deducible from Pope Leo's teaching, then, logically, the Pope must be supposed to teach that the prices of the other two necessary commodities, *i.e.*, clothing and food, are to be determined in the same way, and to bear a fixed proportion to wages; so that the poorer a wage-earner is the less he can justly be asked to pay for what he needed. This is such an impracticable doctrine that we can hardly think that it represents what the Prior means, yet it is not easy to draw any other conclusion from his words.

Libels
upon
Catholicism.

We can pronounce no opinion here as to the motives and methods, or the rights and wrongs, of that portion of the inhabitants of North East Ulster, which has declared itself in favour of maintaining the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. But in common with all our Catholic contemporaries, we protest with the utmost emphasis against the assertion that the grant of Home Rule would be followed by a persecution by the Catholics of the Protestant minority in that island. That assertion was insinuated in the most offensive fashion by the Protestant Primate, whose utterances in connection with the *Ne Temere* decree¹ prepared us, in a measure, for the tone of the prayer with which he is reported to have opened the recent Belfast meeting—"Continue to protect," said this Christian prelate to his Maker, "Thy true religion against the designs of those who seek to overthrow it." We do not quarrel with Dr. Crozier for styling what we must suppose to be his particular brand of Protestantism God's "true religion"; he is bound to think so or else give it up; but we do repudiate most forcibly his suggestion that the Catholics of Ireland, with the encouragement or connivance of the authorities of the Church, wish to overthrow Protestantism by any other means than legitimate argument and conviction. And even more strongly do we deny and disown the base motives and practices attributed to Catholics by Mr. Kipling in the verses he has published in the *Morning Post*,

¹ "So speaks [said the *Church Times* at the time of Dr. Crozier's ignorant diatribe] the worst kind of demagogue, pandering to the fiercest prejudice, stirring the most odious passions, and doing all in the name of 'our civil and religious liberties.'"

April 9th. The verses are not doggerel, as they have been called in some quarters, but good, forcible Kiplingese, well-turned and tuneful, which only makes the accusations they convey the more atrocious. What the Orange prelate only hinted at, the Orange poet has declaimed outright, in such lines as—

We know the war prepared
On every peaceful home,
We know the hells declared
For such as serve not Rome—

This, we contend, is an abominable charge, conceived in that bitter spirit of pride and intolerance which has so long characterized the Orange faction. Mr. Kipling has done no service to his fame, nor indeed to the cause he supports, by this effusion, which another poet has aptly termed—

A bucketful of Boyne
To put the sunrise out.

The day of Jingoism in politics and Orangeism in religion has happily long passed its noon.

**Imperial
Encouragement
of the Duel.**

There exist, we believe, on the Continent, several leagues to put down the practice of the duel, and as lately as 1908, an International Congress to determine how to abolish the evil, was held at Budapest, but so long as officers of foreign armies are compelled, not merely by professional opinion, but also by the positive command of their superiors to engage in these murderous combats, there seems little chance of Christian teaching in this matter becoming effective. The chief offender in this regard is undoubtedly the German Emperor, a man who certainly never hides his belief in Christianity, but still seems ignorant of some of its elementary tenets. A particularly flagrant instance of His Imperial Majesty's supersession of the divine law has been lately reported in the papers to the effect that an army medical officer, who had had the courage to refuse a challenge, was declared by Imperial rescript to be unworthy to wear the German uniform because "he did not share the fundamental views of his equals in rank"—rather a novel standard of morality.

What the Church thinks of duelling is easily stated; to kill an adversary in a duel is murder, and therefore to engage in a duel is to put oneself unlawfully in the proximate occasion of committing murder, and to promote one in any way is to share that guilt. Her mind is further declared by the excommunication which she launches *ipso facto*, not only against the principals and their seconds, but also against all who encourage the combat, even as spectators, and against those *cujuscumque dignitatis*

sint etiam regalis vel imperialis who do not, as far as lies in their power, prevent its occurrence.¹

**Bad Fruit
from a
Bad Tree.**

It is often noticeable that English journals which are Conservative in regard to home politics become Liberal when dealing with foreign affairs, and by the operation of the same cause, English Liberal papers are revolutionary, or even anarchic, in their foreign sympathies. That cause we suspect to be the fact that the Catholic Church, negligible at home, has abroad the high prestige of being the chief support of established order. Opposition to her religious claims blinds the non-Catholic mind to her services to civil society. This explains why the various revolutionary outbreaks in France and Spain and Portugal of recent years have been dealt with so lightly by the English press, palliated by some papers, and even defended by others. And thus it is that, had it not been for the energetic action of Catholic journals, the Ferrer legend would by this time have obtained such vogue that that cowardly anarchist would have been in English eyes far advanced towards canonization. As it is, his real character has been so thoroughly exposed that no one can now defend it honestly, and the real nature of his work is recognized in the secular press, as the following passage tends to show. Speaking of Spain, in *T.P.'s Magazine* for March, Dr. E. J. Dillon writes: "Monarchism and religion are held up to derision and obloquy every day in the lay schools, the newspaper-press and the stage. And therein lurks the canker which is gnawing the vitals of these two institutions." But it takes a good deal to teach a public trained for three centuries and more, in hostility to the Catholic Church to recognize that she is the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

**"Justice
and
Wages."**

A recent correspondence in the *Times*, headed "Justice and Wages," affords another and a welcome proof of the final rejection of the old *laissez-faire* economic doctrines which, joined with un-Christian individualism, have been the fruitful source of all our industrial troubles. That veteran social reformer, the Bishop of Oxford, started the discussion by an eloquent plea for the extension of the principle of the living wage to all industries. The Bishop was somewhat sharply and hastily taken to task by Canon Henson, who seems to be still under the influence of the Manchester School, for confusing two such different things as economics and ethics, and a *Times* leader, after dwelling on the difficulty of determining a living wage, went on to endorse the

¹ See the letter, *Pastoralis officii*, addressed by Leo XIII. to the Bishops of Germany and Austria-Hungary, September 12, 1891.

Canon's attack by a still more crude assertion of the "higgling of the market" theory. That these two writers were living in the atmosphere of a bygone age, and were blind to the innumerable interferences of the State with the "law of supply and demand," which have occurred ever since the date of the Factory Acts, was abundantly shown by subsequent more competent authorities, notably in a letter from the Regius Professor of Divinity at Christ Church. The divorce between ethics and economics which Canon Henson and the *Times* maintained was rightly condemned as implying that there are some human actions which are independent of morality. The great ethical and economical principle first enunciated by St. Paul—"The worker on the land shall be the first to partake of its fruits" (2 Tim. ii. 6)—was declared to be the determining factor of the new industrial order which all classes of the State,—capitalist, producer, consumer,—must unite to establish. Nowhere, however, did we notice a reference to the teaching of Pope Leo, which, if heeded a quarter of a century ago, would have changed the face of industrial society, but a recommendation by one correspondent that all parties should study the mediæval discussions of such questions of "Justice and Wages" seems to imply a recognition of how much modern civilization has lost by separation from the Church.

Reviews.

1.—GIBBON IN COMMISSION.¹

THOUGH our great classical history of the early Middle Ages has been annotated and in a manner brought up to date by such editors as Guizot and Professor Bury, still, it must be confessed that *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* can no longer be regarded as an adequate text book for the serious student. In view of this need, the Cambridge University Press seems to have found the two experiments made in their *Modern History* and their *History of English Literature* sufficiently successful to encourage them to supply the want upon lines which imitate closely the methods of these earlier works. Professor Bury has accordingly drafted a general scheme, Professor Gwatkin and Mr. J. P. Whitney, after some changes and disappointments, have finally consented to assume the function of joint editors, and as a result, we have before us the first volume of *The Cambridge Medieval History*, with a promise of a series of others in continuation at an estimated rate of two volumes per year. Beyond the fact that the work is presumably meant to carry the History of Europe from Constantine as a starting point, down to the Reformation, where Lord Acton's *Modern History*, now completed and indexed, takes up the story, no estimate seems to be given of the number of volumes which will be needed to do justice to the intervening twelve hundred years. But we are told that the work of Lavisé and Rambaud "deals with the Middle Ages on a much smaller scale than is here contemplated," from which we may fairly infer that the later issues will not cover a couple of centuries each, as the present instalment does, and that the work will consequently be a counterpart in bulk, as in other respects, to the series already published. And here let us notice a new feature which forms, in our opinion, a very notable improvement. Along

¹ *The Cambridge Medieval History, Vol. I. "The Christian Empire,"* Cambridge University Press. Pp. xxiv, 754. Price with portfolio of maps, 20s. 1911.

with the volume of text is issued in separate covers a small portfolio of loose maps. The maps are not complicated or pretentious, but they are sufficient for their purpose. Being small in size, their being loose seems likely, in spite of a certain danger of loss, to add much to their convenience in actual use. A similar portfolio is promised for each of the succeeding volumes.

Turning to the contents of the instalment before us, we find that the whole is arranged in twenty-one chapters, which are divided among twenty contributors. Professor Gwatkin writes on Constantine and on Arianism. Professor T. M. Lindsay on the Triumph of Christianity, most of his space being devoted to a study of the Emperor Julian. The central stream of the history, which is bound up with the succession of the Empire, falls to the lot of Mr. N. H. Baynes and Mr. E. W. Brooks, while Mr. Ernest Barker and Professor Dumoulin deal in particular with Italy. Of the more specialized sections, we may note an admirable account of The Organization of the Church, in the very competent hands of Mr. C. H. Turner, a chapter on Monasticism by Abbot Cuthbert Butler (which, considering the extreme importance of the subject and the range of ground which has to be covered, might well have claimed twice as much space as the twenty pages assigned to it), separate accounts of the Teutons, Goths, and other more or less barbarian influences, by Dr. Martin Bang, Dr. Manitius, Professor Ludwig Schmidt, and Dr. Peisker, together with a study of social and economic conditions by Professor Vinogradoff, and of Christian Art by Mr. W. R. Lethaby. We may confess to feeling some prejudice when we noticed that the religious disputes which centre round such burning topics as the Theotokos controversy and the Henoticon of Zeno, had been confided to a lady, but we are bound to say that Miss Alice Gardner of Newnham, has provided a very clear and, on the whole, a very fair summary of the questions at issue. Britain has been dealt with by Professor Haverfield and Mr. F. G. Beck, and we do not quite know why Ireland should have been entirely ignored. No doubt St. Patrick's missionary work will be touched upon in the next instalment, and meanwhile the editors' good intentions are vouched for by the insertion of a special slip in the bibliography, to make mention of Dom Gougaud's recent volume on *Les Chrétientés Celtes*. The same slip might suitably have included a reference to Dr. Sagot's recent work on Roman Britain.

As to the general treatment we may confess our regret that the practice of the *Cambridge Modern History* in excluding specific references has been adhered to. Of course any extensive system of footnotes may easily be abused, and it adds quite disproportionately to the printer's bill, particularly in the way of press corrections, but after all this is not a cheap handbook for students, but an expensive work for the library, and one does like to have chapter and verse for statements that are liable to be contested. Again, while we fully realize that the work is not a Church History, we have an impression that the ecclesiastical, and more particularly the devotional and ascetical side of the story, has rather been dwarfed. There is a *soupçon* of condescension, we fancy, in treating of all such matters. They are touched upon but superficially, as by writers who do not feel sure of their ground, and are in a hurry to skate away from thin ice, yet there is not any chapter in the work before us that gives a picture of life in the Roman Empire in the early years of the fifth century, at all comparable with that which may be found in M. Georges Goyau's scholarly little volume on St. Melania the Younger—a work, if we mistake not, overlooked in the bibliography. In M. Goyau's pages one feels oneself in touch with something human and real, in any case, something quite different from the hollow and rather insincere phrasemaking to be found in Professor Lindsay's account of the "Triumph of Christianity." Julian the Apostate was no doubt an extraordinary being, and far from all bad, but the note rings false when Professor Lindsay tells us:

He was a pure-hearted and deeply pious man. His piety was in a deep sense heart religion, and like that of his contemporaries, clothed itself in the cult of the *Mysteries*; while his nervous, sensitive character inclined him personally to the theurgic or magical side of the cult, and especially to what reproduced the old Dionysiac ecstasy. Hence the dominating thought in Julian's mind was to reform the whole public worship of paganism by impregnating it with the real piety and heart religion of the *Mysteries* cult.

We are very glad that Professor Lindsay should be at pains to see good rather than evil in the character of those historical personages of whom he writes, only we hope that he will wear the same spectacles when he next has to deal with St. Ignatius Loyola or Leo X. Strangely enough when Professor Lindsay in previous works has had anything to say of officials belonging to the Roman system, we have not noticed that he was

so peculiarly large-minded. With regard, however, to the general treatment of questions of religious polemic, so far as they occur in the volume before us, we gladly recognize a wish to deal with them in a way that would not be offensive to Christian convictions of any shade. Even Mr. H. F. Stewart, who in chapter xx. touches upon the question of the Church and the Sacraments, is animated, we are sure, with good intentions, but we own to feeling a doubt as to his mastery of the subject, when we read such a sentence as this regarding the Eucharist.

Gregory (of Nyssa) teaches a change of form; the schoolmen, a change of both material (*sic*) and form, which they explain by the help of the distinction between *substantia* and *accidentia*.

2.—THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY.¹

Guilds, congregations, and sodalities of our Lady have been the most popular forms of organization known in the Church, since popular organization was or could be practised at all, and the mediæval guilds had reached an enormous extension, when various untoward circumstances caused their unexpected decline in the early sixteenth century. But the Counter Reformation in the latter half of the same century, soon made amends for the losses of the previous generation. The remnants of the old local congregations began to revive, and a new and very vigorous branch of the old movement arose in the new Jesuit colleges, which were at this time springing into existence with such wonderful rapidity and vitality. The Roman Sodality, "Of the Annunciation of Our Lady," destined to be the centre of so many others, was commenced among the lay-students of the Roman College, by John Leunis, a Belgian Jesuit in 1563. It at once took root, and was regarded as a model by the many Jesuits who were educated there; and as in time they proceeded to found or organize colleges in other countries, so did they introduce, when circumstances favoured, Sodalities on the Roman model.

In 1584, Gregory XIII. took an important step. He made the *Annunciata* into an independent, canonical, definitely organized religious corporation, strictly connected

¹ *The Sodality of Our Lady, studied in the Documents.* By Elder Mullan, S.J. Washbourne. Pp. xxv. 180, Pt. ii. pp. 326. Price, 10s. net. 1912.

for the present with the Jesuit colleges and their management, but no longer dependent on them for existence, being now founded by the Pope himself, and empowered by him to erect similar sodalities elsewhere, to aggregate to itself those already erected, and to communicate to them the rich stores of Indulgences and other graces, with which it was endowed.

If any think that this action of Pope Gregory seems much like other Papal acts establishing congregations for private prayer, or public works of charity, let him look at Father Mullan's book, and he will see how unusually wide was the scope and efficiency of the new institution. It was intended to sanctify the whole life of its members, and as those members were (in original circumstances), undergoing education, their Sodality addressed itself not to spiritual duties only, but to the spirit of discipline and of study as well. Then as Sodalities were in due time founded in churches and congregations, they extended themselves to practically all civic duties. These further interests were regulated by special rules, which each Sodality could (*servatis servandis*), draw up for itself.

Thus the possible spheres of usefulness for the Marian Sodality were many from the first; and when in later years congregations of women were admitted, not to simple participation in merits and privileges, but to a place in the same organization, its possibilities for good became more extensive still. On the other hand, if the parent institute was to remain a bond of unity and strength between so many confederates, it was essential that the legislation of the Primarian Sodality should be extremely clear and precise; as well as wisely adapted to its great object, the sanctification of its members.

This gives us the clue to the importance of Father Mullan's volume. Keeping the canon law side of the matter primarily in view, he sets forth under 142 titles, sub-divided into 2,173 sections, the whole of the Sodality legislation from the beginning. The arrangement is clear and accurate, and the explanations so full and facile, that the most "ordinary" of "ordinary readers" will make his way among them, with ease, pleasure, and profit; for incidentally there is here an abundance of interesting history, as well as of sincere piety and sound sense. Though the price is extraordinarily low, the get-up is excellent, and the scholarship everywhere reaches a high standard. A book which every Marian Sodality and congregation will find invaluable.

3.—ENGLISH THOUGHT FOR ENGLISH THINKERS.¹

Descartes and Hobbes started Locke; Locke, Berkeley; Berkeley, Hume; Hume, Kant and the Germans. To understand transcendental Germany, you must begin with matter-of-fact England. And perhaps you will elect to stay in England, having found enough useful occupation there in the perusal of philosophical works written by men who are masters of style, notably that first element of style, clearness; of this Hobbes and Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, and Mill, are all models; whereas of German and Germanizing philosophers it may too often be said that they "writ no language." Mr. Stock's book is a very useful "finder" to these three great telescopes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. It discharges two functions; first of expounding, with a running commentary of criticism, the systems of these three philosophers,—this is the chief function of the book; in the second place Mr. Stock ventures on some conclusions of his own. He holds to innate ideas in the sense of innate tendencies to believe, not in the sense that we come into the world assenting to any particular propositions: in this he has the schoolmen agreeing with him, though they would hardly ascribe such ideas to "divine revelation," by which phrase however Mr. Stock means no more than the action on the human mind of the Being who makes and continually maintains the mind of man. He lays down five such innate ideas, or natural beliefs—the belief in one's own existence, the belief in the existence of other men, the belief in the reality of space, in the reality of time, in bodies occupying space and existing in time. "Everyone of these beliefs," he writes, "was assailed by Hume's scepticism; every one of these beliefs we hold still with as much vigour and tenacity as if Hume had never written."

For Space, Mr. Stock has quite an affection. We remember how the thought of it dominated Herbert Spencer's mind in the last months of his life.

Instead of being less real, space is more real than the things which exist in it. . . . I can conceive space to be emptied of its contents, . . . but I cannot for one moment rid my mind of the idea of space. Space then belongs to the realm of neces-

¹ By St. George Stock, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. Lecturer in Greek in Birmingham University. London: Constable. Pp. xx, 206. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1912.

sary truth, while the things that inhabit it are contingent. Whatever it may be for other beings, space is for me infinitely extended in three dimensions. I think of it as a perfectly homogeneous whole, whereof the parts are unmovable and always preserve the same relation to one another. . . . I can imagine it to be portioned out everywhere into cubic feet. Now take one of the squares which bound one of these cubic feet, imagine two diagonals to be drawn in this square, and where they intersect you will get an absolute point in space, which is eternally different from every other point.

Of the three philosophers to whom this book is devoted, the sceptical and cynical Hume is much the least satisfactory. Leaving him aside, we will allow ourselves two quotations, the one being Mr. Stock's picturesque presentation of Locke's doctrine of the subjectivity of the secondary qualities of matter; the second, an answer in Platonic style which he returns to Berkeley.

(1) Encomiasts of Nature are wont to tell us how she lavishes her gifts regardless of man's presence; how in wildernesses untrodden by human feet the birds pour their music on the air and spread their varied plumage, the breezes murmur through the trees, the melody of the waters sounds in the valleys, gay insects flaunt their colours in the sunlight, while a thousand flowers display their tints and lade the unregarding air with odours. Is not the grass green, we cry, where man's foot has never come? Is the sky less blue, are the clouds less white, where no human eye beholds them? Do not the waves ripple and the moonbeams glint at night in bays which no voyager has yet discovered? No, Locke tells us, this is an illusion of which we must divest ourselves. The lower animals, indeed, may have a world of their own—a world of secondary qualities, such as their puny brains can contain; but man being absent, man's world is not, the colours are no more than an arrangement of atoms; Nature's music is mechanical motion; the scent of the flowers a fume of particles.

(2) But I know that my individual will and intelligence do not make the world. The world was when I was not, and will be when I have ceased to be. Therefore there is a higher will and intelligence, not without me, as you (Berkeley) led us to think, but rather within, in the something which is the soul of my soul, and the very core of my being. This something is the one and only substance, or self-subsisting thing, wherefrom my spiritual being is derived. What can I call it but God? God then thinks in me under the forms of space and time, to which in Himself He is not subject. His thought thus limited is the world as I

know it. For God's thoughts are things, and in the highest sense of all, He and they are the only realities. But in so far as I can partake in them, there is reality for me, though it may be that under the forms of space and time I can but touch the full reality. And now, having found a being of higher will and intelligence at work where I least suspected it, within myself, I must persuade my friend Hylas of the same. And when we are convinced of the existence of that being, what can we do but worship it? My happiness must be to bring my will into conformity with that will, to come into harmony with the universe, to live according to reason; my wisdom to learn from that intelligence, to study things as they are, to look facts in the face.

This is not St. Thomas, it is not Averroes, it is not Hegel, though it reminds us of all three. It is the utterance of a man groping after God, if haply he may find Him (Acts xvii. 27), one perhaps who is not far from the kingdom of God (Mark xii. 34).

Anyone interested in philosophy, and prepared to face some hard, not hopelessly hard reading, tempered with much shrewdness and originality of judgment, will do well to get this book of a ripe scholar.

4.—THE COMPLEAT PHILOSOPHER.¹

The second volume of the monumental work of Messrs. Whitehead and Russell deals not with mathematical logic but with cardinal and relational arithmetic and series. The treatment is based on the work of Cantor and Dedekind. The authors claim to have solved several notorious contradictions by means of their theory of types. Nevertheless we venture to think that the philosophical importance of logistics is to a large extent independent of the application to what we may call logical pathology.

The present volume, even more than the first, will appeal rather to the mathematician than to the philosopher. Yet even the general philosopher cannot afford altogether to ignore such far-reaching analyses of concepts and reasonings which he, in common with the mathematician, employs. The notation undoubtedly presents great difficulties. Those accustomed to a fixed symbolism for mental operations cannot

¹ *Principia Mathematica.* By A. N. Whitehead and B. Russell. Vol. II. Cambridge University Press. Pp. 772. Price, 30s. net. 1912.

easily adopt a new system. We see an example of this in the widespread reluctance of even professed mathematicians to use vector-analysis. Even Mr. Russell himself once confessed: "Owing to the great difficulty of his [Frege's] symbolism, I had failed to grasp its importance or to understand its contents."

We cannot profess to have mastered the seven hundred pages of the portly volume before us. So we shall await the appearance of the third volume before summarizing the philosophical significance of what is undoubtedly a great achievement.

5.—MIRACLES.¹

The Rev. J. M. Thompson's *Miracles in the New Testament* made a stir in Anglican circles last autumn, and perhaps naturally, for though his theorizing does not go one whit beyond what is common among the German Lutheran pastors in Germany and is to be found in not a few of the Anglican clergy, it was disconcerting that it should come from a Professor of Divinity in a leading Oxford College. Professor Thompson's point is that the Gospel narratives, the Acts and St. Paul's Epistles contain no sufficiently authenticated instances of miracles really such, all that purport to be of that nature being either instances of healing or possession, which when reduced to their proper proportions are found to conform to well-known natural laws, or else, as is the case with the nature miracles and particularly with that of the Resurrection, instances in which the original story has been clothed by legends and misunderstandings with garments of fancy. Yet, radical as is this transformation of the traditional story, Mr. Thompson claims to be an orthodox Christian and contends that the full and real belief in the Incarnation of Jesus Christ would gain by this total elimination of all that surpasses actual conditions as we know them.

The present volume contains seven papers in which Mr. Thompson's positions are examined from the point of view of belief in miracles, by six Anglican divines, namely, Dr. Sanday, Dr. Walter Lock, Dr. A. C. Headlam, Dr. Scott Holland, and Mr. H. H. Williams of Hertford College.

¹ *Miracles. Papers contributed to the "Guardian," with a Prefatory Note by H. S. Holland, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Pp. vi, 136. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1911.*

These papers were originally contributed to the *Guardian*, which had invited contributions on the subject, and they are now collected in one volume because they represent a "certain sequence of statement," though "written without concert on the individual responsibility of each separate author," and making no claim to completeness.

Dr. Sanday's paper, on the "Meaning of Miracles" heads the series. Dr. Sanday is tolerant to the ventures of the younger generation; "so much good honey has come out of that hive," he says, "that I do not think we need be too critical." Still they are apt to overlook necessary things in their bold advances, and it is as such that he would judge Mr. Thompson. He thinks that the latter starts from too rigid a conception of miracle and fails to perceive that what seems to be against some subordinate law of nature may still be the outcome of some more fundamental law. He considers "that there are a great many questions that cannot be answered, and ought not to be answered by a plain yes or a plain no," and that Mr. Thompson has not realized that the question of miracles is one of these. This is the tone of Dr. Sanday's observations, and we always receive with respect what comes from one who has done good work in defence of the New Testament. Still we must confess not to be able to add up his genial but elusive criticisms of Mr. Thompson. Dr. Lock's paper, which comes next, is on the "Literary Criticism of the Gospel." As this goes to the root of the matter we could have wished to see it more firmly dealt with. It may be that in so short a contribution Dr. Lock could not say very much, but then for this very reason was not a longer paper desirable? As it is he accepts the theory of Gospel construction now most widely accepted, according to which Matthew and Luke depend on Mark and 'Q', but contends that in these the miraculous element increases in proportion to the lateness of the document. He then suggests that this advance need not mean that each fresh writer is moving further away from historic fact into the sphere of embellishment, legend and mythology, but may mean that he is at each step getting nearer to the heart of the matter, and giving a truer representation of what our Lord had really been. This suggestion is just, but it loses force through the tentative language in which it is put forward. Dr. A. C. Headlam writes on "Christian Miracles" and his is perhaps the best chapter in the volume. In many ways he pierces Mr. Thompson's armour, for instance: "Take," he says, "in St. Mark's

Gospel the healing of the paralytic who was let down through the roof at Capharnaum, and the feeding of the Five Thousand." The evidence for the miraculous feeding is as good as, or even better than, that for the healing of the paralytic. Mr. Thompson, like others, "does not believe in the [former] incident, not because the evidence is worse than in the story of the paralytic, but because he has difficulties of an *à priori* character . . . let us be quite clear that his conclusion has nothing to do with evidence. He manipulates his evidence to suit his conclusion." Mr. H. H. Williams, of Hertford College, contributes a paper on "Scientific Necessity and the Miraculous," which contains some useful reflections on the nature of miracles, but leaves too much to the contention that what we account miracles may be due to the action of higher physical laws not yet sufficiently understood. Canon Scott Holland is the Editor of the series, and contributes three papers of his own, on the Conditions of Gospel Criticism, on the Foundations of the Miraculous, and on the Power of the Resurrection. Canon Scott Holland is a preacher rather than an argumentative writer, indeed two of these papers are sermons. His diffuse style, which may suit the pulpit, is somewhat irritating in a volume like this. Still, he touches on some essential points which the others omit, as on the necessity of interpreting the Gospels as documents belonging to a community, and with due relation to their context and to the conditions under which they were produced; and again on the necessity of taking into account our Lord's very definite and deliberate attitude towards His works of power.

6.—THE ANGLICAN MIND.

The last word on the Anglican controversy will no doubt be spoken at the Last Judgment. But if any finality on the question could be reached before then, we do not doubt that Father Maturin's profound yet luminous study would achieve that result. It is a very remarkable appreciation and discussion of a very extraordinary state of mind. For three and a half centuries all the keenest intellects and most earnest hearts in the English Church have been engaged in trying to justify an anomalous position and to reconcile the Anglican system as they found it with the conception of the Church so

¹ *The Price of Unity.* By B. W. Maturin. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Pp. xxxi, 283. Price, 5s. net. 1912.

clearly set forth by its Founder in the Gospels. The result to the ordinary Catholic, who under the instinctive promptings of faith simply and correctly lumps all members of the Establishment together, whatever their differences of belief, as mere Protestants, is bewildering in the extreme, if indeed he ever pauses to consider it. Unless conversant with Anglican literature no one can have any notion of the variety and complexity and plausibility of the arguments, whether *à priori* or historical, that are adduced to support the Anglican claim to be at least a portion of the Church of Christ. To such a Catholic Father Maturin's book will be a revelation; he will wonder at first why so much space is devoted to refuting what seems to him a manifest absurdity, viz. the assertion that the Establishment is a real part of the *one* flock, of which the one Shepherd has charge, but as he reads this long, patient, skilful, sympathetic analysis of the Anglican theory with all its assumptions and implications he will better understand that the case requires just this kind of treatment and that Father Maturin is just the person to administer it. Like the kitchen-maid found weeping over one of Ouida's passionate romances, he has "bin there" himself, or, to use a more apposite and worthy comparison, he has the same qualifications for diagnosing the mentality of the "Catholic" Anglican as Paul of Tarsus, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, had for interpreting Hebraism in terms of Christianity. The resemblance indeed is really very close, for, as St. Paul laboured to show that whatever was of permanent value in the Old Law was retained and fulfilled in the New, so our author is concerned to point out that in passing from Anglicanism to Catholicism nothing is dropped which has any spiritual significance but rather everything good is established on a firmer basis and has a far wider scope of operation.

We have noted many points about the book for more detailed mention, but space will allow notice of only a few. It is difficult to give any idea of the kindness and charity of these pages. They show the fullest recognition of the work of the Holy Spirit amongst persons of good-will in the Establishment, they realize the enormous difficulty born of training and tradition and "atmosphere" which many Anglicans feel in realizing the unsoundness of their position, they make allowance for every misunderstanding, every ignorant or perverted view, of Catholic history and doctrine and practice, yet all the while and through every chain of reasoning the conclusion is pressed forward gently, gradually and inexor-

ably, that the price of unity is submission, submission to authority divinely guaranteed. In Anglicanism there is no final authority, no certainty nor consistency of teaching; there is only one dogma to which all parties without exception subscribe and that is a negative one—"the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England." Hence the forms of Anglicanism, being human, are constantly modified by their environment: "modernism" is of her essence. The "Broad Church" movement, which is spreading, more as a school of thought than as an organized party, is the natural result of an attempted compromise between the Reformation and the old Order. The toleration in the same body of two different and conflicting doctrinal systems has the inevitable result of discrediting doctrine altogether, and the general effect is that the English Church, which originally broke off from Rome because of Rome's alleged doctrinal corruptions, has now herself become the forcing-ground of every species of heresy.

We do not see how Anglicans themselves could object to the picture of their Church presented in this candid yet charitable volume. Father Maturin does not rely on historical records, the significance of which can be disputed, nor on presumed aims or motives which can be denied, but on the plain, objective facts of the case as they are to be seen at the present day. He knows the English Church within and without, he has himself traversed the long and painful route from ill-founded conviction through doubt and hesitation to certainty definite and assured, every stage of the journey he describes from his own experience. We trust that his narration will be of service to many souls similarly circumstanced: apart from the grace of God itself, we can conceive no better medium of enlightenment.

7.—THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.¹

It was our intention to have noticed in our current issue the admirable and most scholarly Life of St. Francis Xavier, which has been compiled by Père Alexandre Brou, and which has recently been published in Paris by Beauchesne. Unfortunately the exigencies of space have left us no room to do justice to so important a work, and we must content ourselves for the present with this slight preliminary notice, reserving a fuller account for a special article at some future

¹ *Vie de Saint François Xavier, Apôtre des Indes. Par Alexandre Brou, S.J. Two vols. Price, 12.00 fr. Paris: Beauchesne. 1912.*

date. Suffice it to say here that those who know anything of the many new documents recently made available in connection with the early years of the Society of Jesus are aware that a fuller biography of the great missionary Saint has long been urgently needed. Père Brou, with a patient industry which cannot be too warmly commended, has studied all the new materials, and combined them with the old, sifting the chaff from the grain and thus producing a book which is not only probably the longest existing Life of St. Francis Xavier, but also the most pregnant in information of every kind. The tone of the book is critical and scholarly, but those who have made acquaintance with Père Brou's previous writings will not be afraid that the devotional side of what must always be in great measure a work of asceticism, has on that account suffered eclipse. We can only say in conclusion that this biography for a long time to come is bound to remain the standard and most authoritative work on the subject with which it deals.

Short Notices.

THE skill of the artist is best shown by his use of simple materials. "Schiller," says Coleridge, "to produce an effect sets you a whole town on fire and throws infants with their mothers into the flames. But Shakespeare drops a handkerchief and the same or greater effects follow." In his new story—*The Black Brotherhood and Some of its Sisters* (Macdonald and Evans: 5s.)—Mr. R. P. Garrold resembles Shakespeare rather than Schiller. He greases a blackboard with a candle-end—and all sorts of stirring events are the result. The misadventures, some comic, some sufficiently tragic, of three day-school boys, which are his theme, all arose from this one act of mischief, and they are narrated with that deep insight into the boy-mind and that all-pervasive sense of humour which characterize Mr. Garrold's stories. This, his last, is a distinct advance on his previous tales, the humour of idea is more mature, the humour of incident less farcical, and the psychological analysis of his various characters more consistent than before. It is one of those rare books, like *The Golden Age* and *The Human Boy*, which can be read with equal pleasure, though for different reasons, by both young and old. Children may present it to their parents, and parents to their children: it will please the softer as much as the sterner sex (if that distinction still avails). There are blemishes here and there, but the present reviewer is much too grateful to the author to recall them.

In the fifth and sixth volumes of *Homilies for the Whole Year* (Benziger: 20s. net), which Bishop Sebastian Byrne of Nashville has translated from the Italian of the Bishop of Cremona, the subject-matter is taken from the Common of Saints. But the treatment is the same—simple, devout, clear,

and practical. Bishop Bonomelli holds that "Conferences," learned, logical discourses, developing a proposition by a series of arguments addressed to the reason, have their place and an important one, in the work of the *Ecclesia Docens*, but that they should not be allowed to oust the "Homily," by means of which the sublime lessons of the Gospel are applied to ordinary human lives in language as plain as that in which they are written.

The prolonged newspaper discussions of the character and effects of the Insurance Act have enveloped the subject in such a verbal fog that skilled guidance through its intricacies is more than ever necessary. This is provided in convenient form by **The Alphabet of the National Insurance Act** (Methuen : 1s. net), arranged by C. G. Moran, of the Inner Temple. The classes affected, the degree to which they benefit, the conditions they must fulfil, the various modifications introduced by various circumstances—are clearly set forth in alphabetical order, with abundance of cross-references, so that even he who runs may read and understand.

A breezy, optimistic set of lay-sermons called **The Ten Talents** (Century Press : 3s.), described as an "unconventional commentary" on that famous parable, has been written by Mr. H. K. Gornall, of Cambridge. He takes such natural gifts as Life, Health, Strength, Good Birth, &c., and shows how they should be used if they are to bring profit, and how they may be misused and bring destruction. The treatment, if somewhat general, is soundly Christian, but an exhibitioner of Cambridge should not confound Ulysses with Heracles (pp. 30 and 31).

Everything connected with St. Francis of Sales—the writings that express his mind and those spiritual children of his that no less clearly manifest his spirit—is interesting as illustrating how truly piety is useful for all things. The little *Life* of one of the earliest Sisters of the Visitation—**Peronne Marie** (Burns and Oates : 3s. 6d. net)—brings us well within the charmed circle of the Saint's intimates, and gives us an edifying picture of his skill and success in dealing with souls. Peronne Marie practised virtue to such an heroic degree that we are surprised to find that the Cause of her beatification has never been introduced.

Modern thought outside the Catholic Church on the subject of religion has always been under the delusion that it is progressing, whereas those who know the history of true religious development plainly see that the supposed advance is a journey in a circle. Occasionally, to vary the metaphor, a soul flies off at a tangent from this circle in the direction of the truth, some modern intellect finds the obedience of faith preferable to the vagaries of personal judgment, and the prodigal comes home. The home-coming of five French scholars in comparatively recent times—Brunetière, Bourget, Huysmans, Coppée, and Retté—is the subject of a little book called **Latter-Day Converts** (J. J. M'Vey : \$0.50 net), translated from the French of l'Abbé A. Crosnier by Katherine A. Hennessey, wherein these "individual cases" are discussed with much insight and interest.

If all the world were convinced of the fact that man's happiness is not to be found in self-service but in the service of others, and acted on that conviction, it is plain that each individual's happiness would be immensely increased. For his own efforts after his proper well-being would be substituted the united efforts of those around him. But the world as a whole has never been convinced of this fact and, consequently, has never put it into practice on any large scale. However, the more people learn this truth the better for their surroundings, and so we wish much success to the translation of Father J.

Guibert's little book **On Kindness** (Washbourne: 1s. 3d. net), wherein the subject is treated with an admirable thoroughness and freshness. That is the chief merit of the work, because the doctrine is as old as Christianity, but Father Guibert treats it in view of the mentality of our own time, basing it on sound psychological principles and working out its implication with an insight at once practical and spiritual. We are told that 20,000 copies of this book have been sold in France: if so there are 20,000 separate sources of social well-being in operation across the Straits. May the numbers on this side be even larger, as the need of the lesson is at least as great.

Only less popular in the land of its origin is the booklet **On Character** (Washbourne: 1s. 3d. net), by the same author, which he describes as "not a scientific treatise but an essay in morals." The lack of the scientific element is perhaps to be deplored, for a good deal of the discussion, the description, for instance, of various characters in terms of temperament as "sanguine," "bilious" and so forth, seems to us rather vague. The author appears also to emphasize over much the effect of heredity and physical constitution on the will, as if the fault were not really in ourselves but in our stars that we are what we are and not what we ought to be. But he is quite sound in his main contention that "character" depends on will-power and will on conscience.

Belonging to the same series, but this time an indigenous product, is a selection from Fr. Faber's writings **On Thanksgiving** (Washbourne: 1s. 3d. net), made by the Hon. Alison Stourton. The story of the Ten Lepers is constantly repeating itself in Christian experience, and the holy Oratorian's stirring exhortations should produce in the self-engrossed Nine some recognition of their main defect.

How the infant Church burst the swaddling-bands of the Judaism in which she was cradled is graphically told in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles of St. Paul. M. l'Abbé A. de Boysson of St. Sulpice, in **La Loi et La Foi** (Bloud: 3.50 fr.), has made a careful study of those materials, collecting the various references and discussing their different scope and value. It is an excellent piece of exegesis and well illustrates the wonderful character of St. Paul and the nature of his Providential action in the Church.

Over four years ago we reviewed at length a valuable work by a learned Dominican, Père A. Gardeil, entitled *La Crédibilité et l'Apologétique*, the scope of which was to discuss and to set in due order the relation of the motives of credibility to the virtue of Faith. A larger volume by a brother in religion, E. A. de Pouliquen, O.P., called *l'Objet intégral de l'Apologétique* (Bloud: 4.00 fr.) may be described as an enlargement and extension of the former. The author insists quite properly that it is important to keep the science of Apologetics within its own sphere, which is the discovery, the analysis, and the classification of all those historical and philosophical proofs which justify a reasonable man in making the act of Faith in divine revelation. Whatever presupposes Faith as a basis belongs to Theology and, although Theology is at times concerned to show the accord between reason and revelation, this fact cannot be held to bring it within the scope of the other science. As a reasoned survey of the grounds of faith, a careful appreciation of the mental processes involved, a sound evaluation of the different motives, within and without, which influence the judgment, a clear discrimination between what is and what is not "apologetic," this volume appears to us of quite remarkable utility. It is fully abreast of modern theories, difficulties, and objections, whilst it keeps ever in view the form of sound doctrine preserved in the tradition of the Church.

A series of simple reflections on the spiritual aspects of life, couched in

the form of a conversation between our Lord and the soul has been composed by the Rev. P. J. Sloan under the title of **With Christ my Friend** (Benziger: 3s. net). The book is not meant for continuous reading, but taken up occasionally, it cannot fail to be helpful.

Following up the volume *Vers Lui!* a pious exposition of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, an English translation of which we noticed a few months ago, M. l'Abbé Félix Anizan has published a companion treatise, **En Lui!** (Lethielleux: 350 fr.), which presents the ideal of a soul consecrated to this devotion. Written in the same emotional style as its predecessor, this volume draws out in great detail the part to be played by the God-loving soul in the plan of redemption, how it is to co-operate with the Word Incarnate and in what ways it may fulfil the tale of His sufferings.

In a lively Preface Mr. George Sampson defends his issue of certain **Nineteenth Century Essays** (Cambridge University Press: 2s.), as a school-book with notes, and explains how the law of copyright prevents an ideal selection from being made. But his choice is an excellent one, including really representative work from seven representative men, Carlyle, Macaulay, Newman, Ruskin, Arnold, Bagehot, and Stevenson. The notes, so far as we have tested them, are accurate and fair-minded, except one on Indulgences (p. 190) which is a complete misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine.

The Abbé Riguet's **St. Patrick** (Duckworth: 2s. 6d. net), has been added to the English translation of the series *Les Saints*. It is a purely "scientific" biography, critical and objective, aiming at separating fact from legend and not delaying to point edifying morals or elaborate doubtful theories. The book is therefore better suited for students than for devotional reading.

There is a reminiscence of Mrs. Ewing in a pretty American tale, **The Little Apostle on Crutches** (Benziger: 1s. 6d.) by Henriette E. Delamare, which narrates the good done by a cheerful little invalid to those with whom he came into contact. The moral is so excellent that one can forgive a few strained coincidences which are invoked to evolve it.

Despite his own modest depreciation of his work in the Preface, we think Father Maurice Meschler, S.J., has been well advised to reprint from the *Stimmen* certain essays on our Lord's character, which have lately been translated into English under the title, **The Humanity of Jesus** (Sands: 2s. 6d. net.). They are an endeavour to estimate how our Lord must have impressed those of His contemporaries who, without realizing His Divinity, were not prevented by malice or prejudice from appreciating His character fairly. Father Meschler considers our Saviour's asceticism, His methods of instruction, His general intercourse with others, and the wonderful wisdom of His utterances, and on each topic he has much to say that is sane, illuminating and helpful. Occasion is taken of the discussion of our Lord's virtues to show how they should be practised by His followers and in how many ways they are misunderstood by those who make a superficial or partial study of the Gospel. We may notice one desideratum, viz., that instead of giving mere references, the passages from the New Testament illustrative of the text should have been given in full. This would have increased the size of the book, but also, and in a greater proportion, its usefulness.

A judicious mixture of pure kindness of heart and opportune riches makes a very happy story of **Poverina** (Benziger: 2s. 9d.), by Evelyn Mary Buckenham. Virtue in this case is much more than its own reward: still all the characters are so well schooled in adversity, that prosperity

is powerless to spoil them. The story should make a welcome addition to school libraries.

The terrible calamity at the Paris "Charity Bazaar" in 1897 wherein the Duchess d'Alençon and many of the highest French nobility were burnt to death, is recalled by the publication of the life of her husband **Ferdinand Philippe d'Orléans, Duc d'Alençon** (Lethielleux : 3.50 fr.), by M. Y. d'Isné. The biographers of royal personages are naturally prone to panegyric, but the career of the French prince who died a holy death at Wimbledon in 1910, needed no embellishment from the imagination. The testimony of his intimate friends, his own private notes, above all, the Christian virtue which he manifested at the various crises of his life, point him out to have been a worthy descendant of St. Louis. One does not wonder at the survival of attachment amongst Frenchmen to this royal House, whilst its representatives present such a contrast to their actual rulers. A lengthy and out-spoken Preface by M. Paul Bourget eloquently indicates the moral of this devoted life.

Denifle's great study of Luther's career is in process of being translated into French, but this fact does not render at all unnecessary the volume **Du Luthéranisme au Protestantisme** (Bloud : 7.50 fr.), which M. l'Abbé Christiani has recently published, and which is in no sense a repetition of his popular *Luther et le Lutheranism* published some four years ago. In this book he devotes himself to discussing the religious evolution of Luther, whereby the "Reformer" in his efforts to destroy the authoritative system of Catholicism, only succeeded in creating a religion which by its undue subservience to the civil power proved a much more intolerable yoke than that which he discarded. As the author's study does not proceed beyond the year 1528, at which date Luther's constantly changing views were turning in the direction of State-churches, no doubt a second volume will complete the record of his development. This present one is admirably "documented," and is the fruit of exhaustive discussion of the heresiarch's own works.

John E. B. Mayor, familiar to many generations of students through his edition of Juvenal, is not so well-known outside his own University as an Anglican divine. The volume of his discourses which, under the title **Twelve Cambridge Sermons** (University Press), have been edited by Mr. H. F. Stewart, show more of the scholar than of the pastor : they are learned and argumentative appeals to the intellect, and show moreover how scholarship, however deep, is no solvent of religious prejudice, for gross misinterpretations of Catholic doctrine are not unfrequently to be found in the course of them. In a mistaken zeal for "liberty of prophesying," Mayor championed all the abortive little heresies and schisms which arose before and after the Vatican Council in Germany, Spain, and Italy. No wonder, with such sympathies, that he could not appreciate the principle of authority. On the ethical side these discourses are full of high ideals : if his doctrines varied, as doctrines must when based on the changeable views of human reason, his moral principles were of the loftiest. At a time when it was far from common, he was devoted to social work amongst the poor. Of this and much more that is interesting and edifying, Mr. Stewart gives an account in a long prefatory Memoir, from which one might possibly gain more good than from the sermons themselves, for it is a record of an industrious and self-sacrificing career.

The phrase *consummatus in brevi* comes naturally to the mind as one

turns the pages of **Une Âme Bénédictine** (Abbaye de Maredsous : 2.50 fr.), which is a record of the holy life of a young monk of the famous Benedictine Abbey with a collection of his spiritual diaries and some of his letters. Dom Pie de Hemptinne died at the age of twenty-seven, ten years after he had entered the noviceship, and in the seventh year of his life as a priest. That life was wholly of the interior, and but for the preservation of his intimate communings with God, only those few who had intercourse with him would have suspected the high degree of perfection which he had reached in so short a space. The six months' severe illness, which closed his career was the fitting crown to a life of entire devotion to God. Shortly before his death he exclaimed "Quand une âme est unie à Notre Seigneur, Notre Seigneur la poursuit, *Il la persécuté pour la posséder. Combien j'ai senti cela.*" What a willing victim to this divine "persecution" of love he was, his *Aspirations et Pensées* and still more his *Carnet du Bon Dieu* abundantly prove.

We are rather late in noticing the Rede Lecture of 1910, the subject of which was **The Parallel between the English and American Civil Wars** (Cambridge University Press : 1s. 6d.), and the author C. H. Firth, M.A., the Oxford Regius Professor of Modern History. The parallel resolves itself often enough into a contrast, but the points of resemblance are neither few nor slight, and they are cleverly developed by Professor Firth. We should demur to many items in the comparison between Cromwell and Lincoln of whom the latter was undoubtedly the greater man, if Christian morality counts for greatness: the lecturer takes Cromwell at his own valuation, but even the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, and Cromwell stands judged not by his Puritan cant but by his atrocious deeds.

It is rather hard on M. Batifol that, having spent seven years in revising and enlarging his well-known **Histoire du Bréviaire Romain** (Picard : 3.50 fr.), it should now be necessary to add another chapter. However, the recent changes being still in progress and not definitive are not yet fit matter for history, and this third edition of a book which has held the field for nearly twenty years, may reasonably look forward to a new and prolonged lease of life, especially as the author has profited by all the additional light which the progressive study of Christian origins has cast upon his subject.

During his tenure of the deanery of Westminster, the Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, the present Dean of Wells, made it a labour of love to investigate the history of the great Abbey and of those connected with it. We have reviewed several of the volumes which have sprung from his historical zeal, but none is more interesting than his **Gilbert Crispin, Abbot of Westminster** (Cambridge University Press : 5s. net.), a fascinating sketch of the career of the pupil of Lanfranc and St. Anselm at Bec, who ruled the great Abbey for upward of thirty years. There are considerable materials for the history of Abbot Gilbert's administration, and even for an estimate of his character, and of these the Dean has made scholarly use. He has also published, for the first time in full, the Abbot's extant writings, the chief being his *Life of Herluin*, the founder of Bec. He has thus rescued from practical oblivion one of the most illustrious of the Abbots of Westminster, whose life both public and private is a worthy presentment of the monastic ideal.

A translation of the *Catechismo Maggiore* prescribed for use in the province of Rome, and hence endowed with the highest ecclesiastical authority possible, has been made into English with the title, **The Catholic Faith** (Washbourne : 1s. net.). The doctrine is stated directly and not by

means of question and answer, so the book makes a useful compendium of Catholic belief and conduct. It would have been still more useful for those outside the fold if footnotes had been inserted explaining uncommon words (such as "collation"), and pointing out matters wherein the Roman discipline is not followed, e.g., the practice of abstinence on Saturdays.

A sense of the growing disregard for legitimate authority which is said to characterize the rising generation has prompted many thoughtful persons to combine in the issuing of what is known as the *Duty and Discipline Series*, a number of penny pamphlets on various points concerning the training of children and the need of it. The Publishers of the series are Messrs. Cassell, and there is no further bond sought for amongst the writers than a knowledge of the evil and a zeal for its suppression. We notice several Catholic contributors, his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, the Rev. E. R. Hull, S.J., and Madame Cecilia.

The patience of Science is one of its most marked features. It is surrounded by unsolved mysteries which no modern generation of observers can hope to solve, yet book after book in numerous Observatories is filled with the records of "readings" &c., of no particular import in themselves, but which may possibly some day form the basis and material of a grand synthesis by some genius yet unborn. We are moved to these reflections by the regular outpouring from the great *Observatorio del Ebro* of its monthly bulletins of recorded observations, carefully digested, excellently printed, copiously illustrated and, for the present wholly unutilitarian. This is the true spirit of Science which deems no labour wasted to gain a firmer grasp of truth.

Amongst recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society, the first place must be given to **The Popes and Science**, by Professor James J. Walsh, of Fordham University. By kind agreement of the author the Society is able to publish this important volume (consisting of xii+421 pages and bound in cloth) for 2s. 6d. It is a series of essays describing the "History of the Papal relations to Science during the Middle Ages and down to our own time," and is an invaluable armoury of facts wherewith to rebut the glib assertions of rationalists and other anti-Christians that the Church has always been essentially obscurantist and that religion and science are incompatible. We welcomed the book cordially when it first appeared four years ago, and we are glad to endorse that welcome once again.

The *Catholic Men of Science* series, which aims at the same result as Dr. Walsh's book, is now nearly complete, as far as the original plan is concerned. The penny numbers lately added include **Thomas Dwight** (1843-1911), by Sir Bertram Windle, **Albert de Lapparent** (1839-1908), by Father Gerard, **Angelo Secchi** (1818-1878), by Father Cortie, **Luigi Galvani** (1737-1798) and other **Electricians**, by Professor William Bergin, of Cork, and **Andreas Versalius** (1514-1564), by Professor Walsh of Fordham. These penny Lives will be found exceedingly useful for distribution wherever ignorant attacks are made, in the name of Science, upon the Church.

Equally useful for the like purpose are the penny pamphlets—**Modern Freethought**, by Father Gerard, and **Science and Faith**, by Dr. Aveling, lectures which first appeared in the Westminster Series, whilst **Modern Problems and Catholic Principles** (No. 17 of the C.S.G. pamphlets), by Father Joseph Keating, gives a brief, but it is hoped not an obscure, account of how several important ethical questions are to be dealt with according to the moral

theology of the Church. **The Society of Jesus**, by Father Joseph Rickaby, an amplified edition of a paper already published, has been added to the series of **Religious Orders**: **Sœur Thérèse**, by Father Allan Ross, Cong. Orat., is a narrative of the life and virtues of the saintly little Carmelite Nun of Lisieux, whose influence in obtaining favours from Heaven is so widely recognized. **Catholicism and Peace**, by Father J. Keating, shows how war is generally the result of an exaggeration of the principle of nationality which can only be kept in due bounds by the spiritual influence of the Church Universal, and finally **A Rose in a Puritan Coif**, by Felicia Curtis, forms No. 73 of *The Catholic's Library of Tales*.

The recent output of the C.T.S. of Ireland, consists of several excellent stories, which shows the Society is alive to the necessity of driving out bad fiction by good; the tenth part of Bishop Donnelly's **Short Histories of Dublin Parishes**, and a valuable study on the Press, entitled **The Newspaper: its influence for good and for evil**, by the Rev. Dr. P. Coffey.

The spiritual literature connected with Holy Communion for children continues to grow. Two recent additions, useful, though small, are **For Little Children: Acts before and after Holy Communion** (Washbourne : 1d.), and **Catechism for First Communicants** (Herder: 1d.). For older Communicants, **Eucharistica** (Gill and Son : 1s.), a collection of prayers from various sources, relating to the Blessed Sacrament, which forms vol. v. of the *The Little Treasury of Leaflets*, will be found very helpful. There is a great freshness about the **Maxims of Madame Barratin** (Gill and Son : 6d.), translated from the French by an Irish priest: they indicate a mind both shrewd and spiritual.

Mother Mary Loyola has catered for a rather neglected class of people in composing her **Abba, Father: a Litany for Religious Superiors** (Burns and Oates : 1d.), in which special petition is made, often in the words of Holy Scripture, for the virtues most needed by those who have to govern others. Another little pamphlet of hers, "**Ita Pater!**" (Burns and Oates : 1d.), is a very beautiful prose-poem on the Will of God.

The Little Rosary Book (Burns and Oates : 1s. 6d.), is a series of short and devout meditations on the Mysteries of the Rosary, composed by Mrs. Wellesley Colley, and appropriately illustrated by Sister Margaret Mary Sibeth. It is adorned with coloured margins and other embellishments, and would make a suitable gift-book.

In **The King's Highway** (Walker, Hinckley : 6d.), Miss Enid Dinnis has produced a singularly beautiful set of meditations on the Stations of the Cross. They are in verse, sometimes cast in sonnet form, and sometimes in ordinary stanzas, but always lofty in thought and carefully finished in expression. The booklet is sold, appropriately enough, for the benefit of Tyburn Convent.

In time for use in the month of May comes **A Month's Meditations on the Holy Mother of God** (Messenger Office : 6d.), by Father David Bearne, S.J. Those who know his meditations in verse on the same theme—*Cantate Marie*—may possibly expect to find this volume inspired by the same high poetic feeling, but, although full of apt and fresh illustrations, the present book is nothing if not practical—as all spiritual instruction should be.

We can do little more than mention a work invaluable to all Catholics in India or on the way thither—**The Catholic Directory of India** (Catholic Supply Society, Madras : 1.8 rupees), which is described as "the 62nd

annual issue of the Madras Catholic Directory and General Register." It is full of most interesting information, not only as regards the present state of the whole Apostolic Delegation of India, but also regarding its past history. A particularly important item is the Appendix, compiled by Rev. J. C. Houpert, S.J., on the growth of Christianity in India, Burma, and Ceylon, for the decennial periods from 1851 to 1911.

The Instructions on Church Music issued by Pope Pius X., have already produced an extensive literature. New text-books, Masses, and motets, are constantly appearing in this country, on the Continent, and in America, with the object of restoring the sacred character of Church Music in obedience to the Pope's orders. The Rev. L. J. Kavanagh and Mr. James F. McLaughlin have edited a very useful work, under the title **Church Hymnal** (Ginn and Co., Boston: 3s. 6d.). It is primarily designed for parochial schools, and will prepare the young to take part in congregational singing.

No music publishers in this country have shown greater zeal in carrying out the Pope's orders than Messrs. Cary and Co. of Oxford Circus Avenue. One of their recent issues, **Mass of St. Francis of Sales**, by William Sewell (1s. net.), is a work above the average. It is written for voices in unison with organ accompaniment, is simple and easy, and deserves to be popular.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice)

ABBAYE DE MAREDSOUS.

La Sainte Messe. By D. Eugène Vandeur, O.S.B. 5th edit. Pp. 246. Price, 0.90 fr. 1912.

ART AND BOOK CO., London.

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